CHARLES DEVENS

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES

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ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

CIVIL AND MILITARY

EDITED BY HIS NEPHEW

ARTHUR LITHGOW DEVENS

WITH A MEMOIR BY

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MEMOIR.

To no man of this generation more fully than to Charles Devens can be paid the honor due to faithful and honorable public service. Devotion to the State, obedience to the call of his country, — these were his conspicuous traits. His service was ungrudging. When the war came, he freely stepped forward. He was at the front in some of the bloodiest and most obstinate of the Virginia battles. His public life was long, distinguished, and absolutely unblemished. No cloud ever rested for a moment upon his fair fame. His honors were won by no devious methods, by no unworthy concessions. His ambition was lofty, and it was disinterested. It was, moreover, successful. The confidence of the public rewarded his unmistakable devotion to the public good. The whole community rejoiced to do him honor. Many men in our day have won public attention and sometimes public gratitude by advocating great changes, by heading great reforms, or by being inseparably

connected with the controversies of the day, moral, political, or religious; but Charles Devens was not one of these. He was simply a good citizen, a brave soldier, an upright magistrate, a true patriot.

He was born at No. 30 Union Street, Charlestown, now a part of Boston, on April 4, 1820. He was a son of Charles and Mary (Lithgow) Devens. His mother was the daughter of Colonel Arthur Lithgow of Augusta, Maine. His great-grandfather, Richard Devens, was a member of the Committee of Safety and Commissary-General of Massachusetts during the Revolution.

He was graduated at Harvard College in 1838 at the early age of eighteen, James Russell Lowell and William W. Story being among his classmates. He studied law at the Harvard Law School, and received the degree of LL.B. in 1840, in company with the late Chief-Justice Morton. He pursued his studies in the office of William J. Hubbard and Francis O. Watts in Boston, and in 1841 was admitted to the bar.

For some years he practised in Franklin County, residing first at Northfield and afterwards at Greenfield. In the years 1848 and 1849 he represented his district in the State Senate. When the Whigs came into power by the election of General Taylor, Mr. Devens was made United States Marshal for

the District of Massachusetts, — an office which he held for the four years between 1849 and 1853.

It was during this time that the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, as part of the "Compromise Measures of 1850;" and it became on one occasion Mr. Devens's painful duty to make the necessary arrangements for the return of a fugitive. One Sims, a slave belonging in Georgia, escaped to Boston in April, 1851. The United States Commissioner under the recent Act heard the case, decided it in favor of the claim of the owner, and directed the United States Marshal to escort the prisoner to the vessel on which he was to be transported back to Georgia. The legal duty thus imposed upon the Marshal was without exception the most repulsive which could by any possibility fall to his lot. A poor slave, who had presumably made his escape either because his fate was exceptionally hard or because his love of liberty was exceptionally strong, was to be refused an asylum in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and sent back to slavery. It was against all the natural sympathies of the human heart, contrary to the humane and tolerant spirit of this community, opposed indeed to the natural sense of justice, certainly as we in Massachusetts had for nearly a century recognized it, that this poor black should be sent back to his former helpless and hopeless condition of servitude. No one

could wish to have any part in such an action. Its morality depended on the relative weight which a right-minded, public-spirited, and humane citizen would assign to the considerations which have just been stated as contrasted with the obligations resting upon all good citizens, and especially upon those who have assumed the duties of public office, to execute the laws of the land. Fortunately for this community, and for the cause of good government, Marshal Devens decided in favor of the paramount and superior authority of the obligations which rested upon him as an officer of the law; and in face of the unpopularity and misconstruction of motives and personal abuse in which his action was sure to involve him, he acted with vigor and decision. That he should have so fully and satisfactorily met such a perplexing and trying emergency at the early age of thirty-one, argued well for his future as a public servant.

While, however, Mr. Devens was determined to do his duty as an officer of the law, he spared no pains to ransom its unfortunate victim. He set on foot negotiations for the purchase of Sims, which, though not successful, failed through no fault of his. No one could feel more keenly than he the pain of participating, even in an official capacity, in the wretched task of surrendering a fugitive slave.

When the Whig administration of Mr. Fillmore was succeeded by the Democratic administration of Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Devens returned to the practice of the law, — this time in Worcester, and in partnership with Mr. George F. Hoar, now one of the senators from Massachusetts.

In April, 1861, upon the first call of President Lincoln for troops, Mr. Devens accepted the command, as major, of the Third Battalion of Rifles of the Massachusetts militia. While in command of this battalion at Fort McHenry near Baltimore, he was offered by Governor Andrew, and accepted, the commission of colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, — a Worcester County regiment, and one of the best sent out by the State. It was immediately incorporated into the Army of the Potomac. In the unfortunate affair of Ball's Bluff, on October 21, 1861, this regiment, under command of Colonel Devens, crossed the river and took its part with a portion of the Twentieth Massachusetts and other troops in one of the most obstinate and bloody encounters of the war. Here Devens distinguished himself for gallantry and coolness. He was slightly wounded, and finally had to swim the river to Harrison's Island.

He was soon afterward made a brigadier-general of volunteers, and assigned to the command

of an excellent brigade, consisting of the Seventh and Tenth Massachusetts, the Second Rhode Island, and the Thirty-Sixth New York, to which in September, 1862, the Thirty-Seventh Massachusetts was added. This force formed a part of Couch's division of the Fourth Corps, which was then under the command of General Keyes. This corps and the Third, under General Heintzelman, were thrown across the Chickahominy in the latter part of May, 1862, thus constituting the advance of the army. On these two corps the Confederate general, Joseph E. Johnston, concentrated his forces, hoping to overwhelm them before the remainder of the army could be brought over the treacherous bridges of the Chickahominy to their assistance. On the 31st of May the blow fell; and in spite of an obstinate and courageous defence, our troops were slowly forced back until the enemy's strength became exhausted, and our reinforcements under the gallant Sumner and Sedgwick appeared on the field. In this severe action General Devens won new laurels. "With only two regiments," says General Couch in his official report, "he held his own firmly. . . . Severely wounded, he remained bravely on the field until the last shot was fired."

General Devens's wound prevented his taking part in the Seven Days' battles near Richmond,

at the close of which our army took up early in July a strong position at Harrison's Landing on the James. In September, the army was removed to the neighborhood of Washington, and under General McClellan fought the bloody battle of Antietam, which brought Lee's invasion of Maryland to a sudden and unsuccessful termination. In these operations Couch's division was not actively engaged; it reached the field of Antietam late in the forenoon of the 18th, the day after the battle.

In the autumn of 1862, this division, now no longer under Couch, who had been promoted to the command of the Second Corps, was transferred to the Sixth Corps, then under Franklin; and when that officer was assigned to the command of the Left Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, a change made by Burnside, who in November replaced McClellan in command of the army, the Sixth Corps was placed under General William F. Smith, and the division was assigned to General John Newton.

In the movement upon Fredericksburg, on December 11, 1862, the Sixth Corps crossed the Rappahannock below the town. Devens's brigade led the advance; and when, owing to the lateness of the hour, it was thought best to retire all the troops but one brigade, it was that of General

Devens which General Newton selected to hold the bridges on the enemy's side of the river during the night. So when on the 15th, after the loss of the main battle, the Sixth Corps was withdrawn to the north bank of the river, it was again Devens who requested and was given the honor of covering with his brigade the recrossing of the troops.

In these operations Devens won the high commendation of his superiors. "General Devens and Colonel Torbert," says General Smith in his report, "deserve especial mention for the promptitude and precision with which they formed their lines to cover the crossing." "My obligations," says General Newton, "are due . . . especially to Brigadier-General Charles Devens, who commanded the advance and rear guard in the crossing and recrossing of the river."

But war has its cruel surprises for the bravest and steadiest of soldiers. Promoted to the command of a division in the Eleventh Corps under General Howard, it was General Devens's lot to hold the extreme right of our line at Chancellorsville. The Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, had crossed the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg in the last days of April, 1863, had advanced some miles towards that city on the 1st of May, had then unwisely and unaccountably

been ordered to fall back into the dense woods from which it had just emerged, and had taken up a position facing east and south, with its headquarters at the Chancellor house. This position was at once intrenched and rendered formidable on its southern face.

General Lee, whose army certainly was not more than half as strong as that of his opponent, could hardly venture on a direct attack; yet he felt that the situation was one of extreme gravity. There was no telling how large a force the Federals could concentrate, nor when it might suit them to take the offensive in good earnest. It was of extreme importance to drive them at once to recross the river. Hence he listened willingly to the daring and brilliant proposal of Stonewall Jackson, his favorite lieutenant, that he should march around the front of our army and fall upon it from the westward. They had correctly surmised that no attack from this quarter would be expected by our generals. The march of Jackson's column was indeed discovered; but although at half-past nine in the morning Hooker ordered Howard to strengthen his right flank so as to be prepared to resist an attack from that direction, should any be made, there can be no doubt whatever that the movement was thought by Hooker, and by Howard also,

to be a movement in retreat. Troops were sent out from the main line to harass and annoy the flying foe. One brigade — that of Barlow — was even taken by Hooker from Howard's command to support this attack. But Jackson was not to be diverted from his purpose. In the latter part of the afternoon of Saturday, May 2, he attained a position west of the Eleventh Corps line, and, facing to the east, advanced in line of battle on its exposed flank. Devens had indeed placed a couple of regiments and a section of artillery to repel an assault from this quarter, should any be made. Much more than this he no doubt would have done, had he been in command of the corps. It seems certain[1] that he early in the day suspected the real character of the enemy's movement; but the information which raised these suspicions in his mind, although transmitted promptly to corps headquarters, failed to elicit any order for him to change his dispositions.

Had he possessed greater military sagacity or wider military experience, and so been able to divine the object of the enemy, or had the information which he received made a greater impression on his mind, — in fine, we may fairly

[1] See his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (Report 1865, vol. i. p. 179).

say, had he dared to take the responsibility of changing the dispositions of his division, — he might at least have rendered the impending disaster less overwhelming. But General Devens was not a military man by education, nor was he a military genius; he had had very little experience in the field; he was commanding a division for the first time; he was directly under the eye of his corps commander, — a regular officer, to whom he had transmitted all the information he had received, and on whom it evidently made no impression whatever. Lastly, the withdrawal of Barlow's brigade by Hooker's express order during the afternoon must have convinced Devens that the general commanding the army looked at the whole matter as not deserving serious attention.

The greater part of his division was facing south. It constituted the prolongation of the front of the army towards the west. Without orders he did not feel justified in stripping a portion of what was considered by his superiors as the main line of battle. He did, as we have seen, make some dispositions for defending his right flank; but all the dispositions that he could have made on his own responsibility would have been wholly inadequate to the needs of the occasion. At six o'clock in the afternoon

the storm broke, and in a few minutes comparatively Devens's whole division was routed. He himself, wounded severely in the foot, unable to remount his horse, remained with his unfortunate command to the last, gallantly striving to rally the troops, and to interpose to the victorious advance of the Confederates an obstinate even if an ineffectual resistance. His efforts, as might have been expected, were unavailing. The rout of the Eleventh Corps, badly posted and outnumbered as it was, was complete; but Devens did all that a brave man and a gallant officer could do to retrieve the fortunes of the fight.

His wound, which was a serious one, was not cured when his division was again flanked and routed in the bloody battle of Gettysburg. In fact, he never rejoined it after Chancellorsville; and the next time we see him in the field it is at the head of the Third Division of the Eighteenth Corps, then under Devens's former commander, General William F. Smith. That officer, who, with General Gillmore, had been serving under General Butler on the James River in the latter's ill-planned and unsuccessful movements directed upon Richmond from Bermuda Hundred, was in the latter part of May, 1864, ordered to join the Army of the Potomac with a force of about sixteen thousand men. The Army of the Potomac, after a series of bloody

and indecisive battles at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and the North Anna, was then about to cross the Pamunkey. Smith, when he arrived, was ordered to Cold Harbor, where his command at first took up a position between the Fifth and Sixth corps. On the afternoon of the 1st of June an assault on the enemy's lines was made. "The Third Division, under the command of Brigadier-General Charles Devens, consisting of the brigades of Colonel Drake and Colonel Barton," says General Smith in his despatch of the 2d of June, "charged across an open field, 1,250 yards in width, swept by a cross-fire of the enemy's artillery, carried the edge of the woods, and drove the enemy from their intrenchments, which were protected by slashings and entanglements, taking some 250 prisoners." In the general assault along the whole line, known as the battle of Cold Harbor, which was made on the morning of the 3d of June, "General Devens's command," says General Smith in his formal report, "held my right flank, and had been so much cut up in officers and men during the two days previous that I did not deem it in condition to do more than act on the defensive." In his article in the work entitled "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," published by the Century Company, General Smith explains (p. 225) that "a gap of nearly two miles between the right

of the Eighteenth Corps and the left of the Fifth Corps under Warren made it necessary to throw back the right flank of the [Eighteenth] Corps to hold the open plain and roads, and to prevent that flank from being turned. This necessarily put the division on the right quite out of the battle, except in the use of its artillery at rather long range. . . . The plan adopted gave to Devens, with his division, the duty of keeping the right flank secure." This task General Devens faithfully performed, although suffering so severely from rheumatism that he was obliged to ask for leave of absence. On June 4, "General Devens," says Smith in his report, "who had done duty during the 3d, and [had been] carried about on a stretcher, was relieved, on account of his health, by General Ames."

On recovering from this illness, General Devens returned with alacrity to duty, this time as commanding the Third Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps under General Gibbon, which constituted a part of the Army of the James, under General Ord. On the 27th of March, 1865, the final campaign began. The greater part of the Twenty-fourth Corps, together with other troops from the Army of the James, took the field, to act in conjunction with the Army of the Potomac. Devens's division remained in the works; and by a great

piece of good fortune it fell to him to lead the first Federal troops into the capital of the Southern Confederacy. Early in the morning of the 3d of April, the Federal forces under General Weitzel, the commander of the Twenty-fifth Corps, entered the city; and the division of Devens led in this triumphant march.

We have been somewhat particular in giving the details of General Devens's military services, because they are presumably less well remembered by the public of the present day than his long and honorable career on the bench. But it is well that it should be known that he was no holiday soldier. He took his full share of fatigue, of responsibility, of danger. His merits were, as we have seen, recognized by all his superior officers; and we may add that it was at the request of General Grant that he received his brevet of major-general of volunteers for gallant and meritorious conduct.

He continued in the service for about a year after the cessation of hostilities, being for the greater part of that time in command of the Federal troops in South Carolina. In 1866 he was mustered out of service.

He at once returned to Boston to resume the practice of the law; but in 1867 Governor Bullock appointed him to the bench of the Superior Court. Here he served about six years, when he

was promoted by Governor Washburn to a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Judicial Court. For about four years he filled this position to the great satisfaction of the community.

In March, 1877, President Hayes offered him a place in his cabinet, — that of Attorney-General of the United States. It is an open secret that Judge Devens hesitated seriously before accepting this offer. He was nearly fifty-seven years of age; he occupied a seat on the highest judicial bench in his own State; he would have no right to claim or expect a restoration to this position on his return from Washington; and he would then be almost too old to resume practice at the bar. Nor would his private means, without a professional income, furnish him a sufficient support. Moreover, he had been away from home for five years, and he much preferred living in Massachusetts to a residence far away from his friends and his own people. But the request of the President seemed like a call of duty, and he went. The tasks of his office, though new to him, were of course in the general line of his professional experience, and he discharged them to the evident satisfaction of the government. His life in Washington naturally brought him in contact with many of the distinguished men of the country, the men who had won our victories in the late war, and who had, in

or out of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, shown statesmanship and ability. For society of this kind, and in fact for general society of every kind, General Devens was eminently fitted; and doubtless he enjoyed to the full all the opportunities of this nature which Washington official life so richly offers.

He returned to Massachusetts at the close of Mr. Hayes's administration; and in April, 1881, he was reappointed to the Supreme Judicial Court by Governor Long, and on that bench he sat until removed by death.

General Devens's health had always been of the best. Even the harsh experience of the war, although endured long after the elasticity of youth had passed away, — for he was forty-one years old when the war broke out, — failed to make any impression on his vigorous constitution. He was always able to get through his official work as a judge without worry, and his evenness of temper and habitual command of a good working philosophy of daily life seemed to preserve him from the annoyances and trials which beset most men who do their fair share of work in this world. No change was visible in him until perhaps a year before his death, when he sometimes complained of not feeling as strong and well as usual, or, to be more accurate, quietly mentioned the fact to his

more intimate friends; but he made no alteration in his daily life. He went as constantly to his accustomed seat on the bench, to his habitual chair at his club; he was to be seen as often at the houses of his friends. In the latter part of December, 1890, however, he grew suddenly weaker; it was feared that there was something wrong about the action of the heart; still no immediate consequences were apprehended. He apparently did not suffer, and there was little in his condition to indicate a serious illness; but he was in reality rapidly nearing the end, and on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 7, 1891, he died. His nephew, Mr. Arthur Lithgow Devens, and others of his relatives were present at the last. His death was sudden, and without pain, just as he would have wished it to be.

He was buried from Trinity Church, Boston, on Saturday, January 10, 1891, with military honors. The coffin was borne by eight non-commissioned officers of the Second United States Artillery. The military escort consisted of detachments of the First Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia and of Batteries B and D, Second United States Artillery. The Military Order of the Loyal Legion, of which General Devens had for years been the Commander, attended in force. The bench and the bar were largely represented, Chief-

Justice Field being one of the pall-bearers. The church was crowded. The burial service was read by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. While the coffin was being carried from the church, "taps" were sounded from various parts of the building, and Sullivan's "Lost Chord" was played on the bugle. The remains were interred in the family lot in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

The life which we have just sketched was an unusually honorable, useful, and happy life. Few men have ever lived who were better fitted to discharge the ordinary tasks which belong to public office — whether civil or military — than was Charles Devens. He brought to their accomplishment, in the first place, an honest, courageous, and unreserved purpose to do his duty, and in the second place, sound judgment, great tact, and good administrative ability. His duties, it is true, did not lie in the highest regions of the public service. He never commanded an army, or even an army corps. He was an Associate Justice only of the Supreme Judicial Court. Nor did he ever strongly desire the greater responsibilities or the more conspicuous opportunities of distinction which the chief control alone affords. His ambition, though a strong and an honorable ambition, was under the strict rule of his judgment. He never thought of himself more highly

than he ought to have thought. He correctly estimated his own powers and his own attainments. That which he knew himself capable of doing he was honorably anxious to do. His standard was high. His work was done thoroughly and effectively, and with a masculine strength and sobriety that won general admiration.

He was on the whole satisfied with his career. It afforded to his peculiar powers and faculties excellent opportunities for exercise, growth, and successful activity.

As an officer of the army he rose by gradual steps and by his own merits as high as most of those who had had no professional training in the art of war, leaving out of the comparison, of course, the two major-generals from this State whom President Lincoln commissioned almost before the first shot had been fired. Devens's promotions in the army were all deserved. His services, though equalled, no doubt, by those of many others, and not especially conspicuous, were the services of a brave, faithful, and competent officer.

To his duties as a judge he brought a mind characterized by strong common-sense and actuated by an equally strong love of justice. He moreover carried with him always the recollection that a judge is, first of all, a magistrate, whose office it is to decide controversies and disputes

according to the well-established principles of the law of the land; and he never lost sight of this fundamental conception of duty. He never used the opportunities which a case presented for the purpose of displaying his own acumen or learning. He kept the main end of the law always plainly before his eyes. He was always serious, candid, willing to hear, able to defer making up his mind until the case had been fully presented. He never aimed at showing himself able to comprehend a tangled question merely by glancing at the pleadings. Though always preserving fully the dignity of his station, he was invariably courteous. It was a pleasure to go before him. He did not possess or pretend to possess deep or varied learning, but he made up for this lack in great part by his long experience and his remarkable ability to understand human nature. His mind was not specially acute or deep, but his rare common-sense, his unfailing patience, and his strong desire to possess himself of the facts and law of every cause that he was called upon to hear rendered him one of the most useful judges that have sat on the Supreme Bench in our time.

It was, however, as an orator that General Devens gained his greatest distinction. Of commanding presence and fine figure, a notably handsome man at all periods of his life, possessed of a

strong and flexible voice, he had all the external graces and gifts of a public speaker; but these were the least of his qualifications. He was a master in the art of weaving an oration out of the facts and associations of a famous historical event, out of the strong and heroic qualities of a great man. He invariably rose to the full height of his subject, whatever it was; and he always carried his audience with him. He knew instinctively how to reach their hearts. His very presence attracted them. His language, strong though restrained, his evident deep feeling, kept always sufficiently in check, but yet by degrees infusing itself into the minds of his hearers, his ability to seize on the telling points of the topic to which he was addressing himself, and his evident sincerity and patriotic fervor constituted him one of the most brilliant and effective of our public orators. The events and men of the Revolution and of the Civil War were his principal themes; but his reverence and affection for his Alma Mater made him on many occasions, and notably on that of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College, not to be sure, the chosen representative of her literary eminence, but the one to preside over her alumni and to be her spokesman to the outer world. On these occa-

sions he was always felicitous, always in touch with both the college and the public, always and unmistakably successful.

Judge Devens was never married; but "he lavished on his relatives," as a lifelong friend of his has said, "the love he would have given to wife and children." He was a devoted son and brother. His younger relatives were very near and dear to him; yet he was eminently a man among men. His acquaintance was very large. He was a man of many friends; he was always urbane, kindly, tolerant, attractive. His attachments to those whom he honored with his friendship were strong and unchanging. He was a good talker, and possessed a delightful sense of humor, which enabled him to gather from his varied experiences many most amusing stories; for though he was a man who took life seriously, there was always a wholesome and cheerful tone about his ways and his conversation.

The orations and addresses which follow have been selected out of a great many. It is hoped that apart from the pleasure which they may be expected to yield in the perusal, they will be welcomed as presenting the views of an able, well-read, and competent critic and observer, as well as the reflections and deductions of a man of genuine

eloquence and patriotic feeling. They possess, no doubt, a special interest for this generation; but they deserve, it is believed, a permanent place in the historical literature of Massachusetts. The Centennial Address on the Battle of Bunker Hill, the Oration before the Army of the Potomac on General Meade, and the Worcester Oration on General Grant are certainly in this category. But perhaps nothing that he ever said was finer than the brief address to his men after their first battle. We take the following account from the New York Herald of October 30, 1861, and with this most fit and eloquent appeal we bring this memoir to a close: —

"After parade the regiment was formed in square, and their noble and gallant Colonel Devens made them an address, to which even a faithful verbal report would do injustice, for no description could reproduce the tender, subdued fervor with which the colonel first spoke, the electric sympathy by which his men were affected, or the earnest determination with which the question was asked and answered.

"'Soldiers of Massachusetts, men of Worcester County, with these fearful gaps in your lines, with the recollection of the terrible struggle of Monday fresh upon your thoughts, with the knowledge of the bereaved and soul-stricken ones at home, weeping for those whom they will see no more on earth, with that hospital before your eyes filled with wounded and maimed comrades, I ask you now whether you are ready again to meet the trai-

torous foe who are endeavoring to subvert our government, and who are crushing under the iron heel of despotism the liberties of a part of our country. Would you go next week? Would you go to-morrow? Would you go this moment?' And one hearty 'Yes' burst from every lip."

ORATION ON GENERAL MEADE.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, AT NEW HAVEN, MAY 14, 1873.

Mr. President and Comrades of the Army of the Potomac, — When, two years ago, our distinguished fellow-soldier, Governor Fairchild, suggested that it would be well to place upon our records, by our exercises upon these occasions, as full an account as we could gather of the part which our army took in the War of the Rebellion, — a suggestion which was then well carried out by himself and afterwards by General Woodford, in the eloquent address delivered last year at Cleveland, — he also remarked that it could hardly be done consecutively; but there must of necessity be intervals in the regular progress of the narrative. Most unwillingly do I break the thread, and recognize that one of those occasions has come. One theme only seems appropriate for our meeting to-day, when we remember that of the five commanders of that army in front of Washington which became the Army of the Potomac, but four now survive. He who was its leader from the proud day of Gettysburg unto the yet prouder day when its great rival, the Army of

Northern Virginia, piled up its arms in sad and sullen submission, and the sword of its leader was laid in the conquering hand of Grant, has passed since we last met from the ranks of living men. No more shall we see that slender yet not ungraceful figure, which seemed the embodiment of the scholar, the soldier, and the gentleman, that of late years has risen so cordially at all our gatherings responsive to our call, as in the times now long past we rose to his; no more recognize that quick and spirited glance; no more hear that voice whose tones have summoned to high duties and great enterprises always, and never counselled fear or dishonor.

His loss has been mourned as a public one throughout the Union, especially in the city which was his home and in the State whose hills shall guard his fame forever; but whatever may be the honors paid to his memory elsewhere, there is no place — the sacred circle of home alone excepted — where that memory can be held so dear as among those who with him have borne the weary campaigns and the long marches, by day and night, alike in July's heat and December's cold; have seen with him the sad hours of disaster and defeat; and have known with him the stern joy of victory. Honored and respected as a wise and brave commander, loved as a comrade, always considerate and true, if I dedicate these fleeting moments to him, however imperfect my tribute may be, I feel convinced I

shall not want your approval. Nor if I speak, as I must, of the great field by which he is especially endeared to his countrymen, shall I speak of it otherwise than as it stands to-day upon the verdict of history, now that its record, drawn from the reports of the principal commanders on either side, is fully made up, and the victorious and vanquished chieftains sleep in the common repose of death. Wounded severely at Chancellorsville a few weeks previously, in its dangers I had no part; to its honor I can lay no claim except to that which was there reflected by you upon every one who could call you "comrade." Yet even from this I would not willingly part, when I remember that as the glad tidings were flashed towards the North, each one of your wounded veterans stood more proudly on his crutch; and even the fever-stricken patient in the hospital, as he raised himself from his couch and strove with parched lips to join in the ringing cheers, murmured, "I too am a soldier of the Army of the Potomac."

Although born upon foreign soil, yet under the flag of the Union and in its citizenship, George Gordon Meade graduated at West Point in 1835, and was then brevetted as second lieutenant of artillery. Resigning in 1836, he passed the intervening years until 1842 as an engineer in the civil service of the United States, when he was again appointed to the army as a second lieutenant of the Topographical Engineers; and

in the discharge of the pursuits and duties of that important corps, for which he had a peculiar aptitude, he continued until the breaking out of the war with Mexico. During this he served at first upon the staff of General Taylor, participating in all the hard-fought fights of that resolute soldier until his line of approach to the city of Mexico was relinquished, when Meade was transferred to the staff of General Scott, and aided in the conduct of the siege operations against Vera Cruz. At the close of the war he resumed with renewed interest the scientific duties of his profession until he was summoned from them in 1861 by the call to arms, when the experiment of firing the Southern heart by the attack upon Fort Sumter was found to have been successful, not in that only, but in fully arousing the North to its danger, and rendering anything like peaceful secession impossible.

It will be seen, therefore, that General Meade's early education as a soldier had been in every way calculated to develop his great natural powers. Fully acquainted with all the scientific branches of his profession, and undoubtedly from his tastes strongly attracted by them, he had not run the risk of becoming a mere soldier of the book, but had seen the great actions and served with the great captains of the Mexican War, each of whom possessed qualities worthy of note and study, and from whom he may have learned some lessons of that care in preparation, that vigor in execution, that calmness in difficulty,

which he was afterwards to exhibit on a far greater field of warfare.

Appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers in August, 1861, his military life was with this army. He served in the operations in front of Washington and through all the conflicts of the Peninsula campaign up to the battle of Glendale, in June, 1862, where he was severely wounded, proving himself everywhere a zealous and competent officer, as vigorous and brilliant in attack as he was calm in endurance when compelled to stand on the defensive. Returning to the field in September, 1862, he was at once assigned to the command of a division, with which he served through the Maryland campaign, when Lee was driven up through the passes of the South Mountain Range to the field of Antietam, and at Antietam, after the gallant Hooker fell severely wounded, he was placed in temporary command of his corps.

After Fredericksburg, — in which battle he continued to command the same division, and where he succeeded in breaking the right of Lee's line and threatening formidably his communications with Richmond, although forced finally to relinquish his hold for lack of support, — General Meade was assigned to the Fifth Army Corps, he having some time previously been made major-general of volunteers. In command of this corps he served at the battle of Chancellorsville, and remained with it until the 28th of June, 1863,

when he was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, as that army was moving up through Maryland to encounter Lee, — an encounter which, as you all know, resulted in the victory of Gettysburg.

The causes which led to that bold and remarkable movement on the part of the Rebel Government — the invasion of Pennsylvania, in 1863 — have never been, so far as I know, completely stated by it. The report of the Rebel commander-in-chief clearly indicates that when it was written he did not intend to develop them. He says there that the Army of the Potomac lay along the Rappahannock in such a position that it could not be attacked to advantage; that by moving northward through the great valley of Virginia, a fairer opportunity would be offered to strike; that the plans of the enemy for the summer would be disarranged and time consumed; and then adds that, actuated by these and other important considerations that he may hereafter present, he determined upon the movement. Those important considerations have never been divulged, and so far as General Lee is concerned, now never can be; yet they may be reasonably conjectured.

Two reasons existed which, if it were possible to get a foothold in any Northern State, rendered it vital that it should be done. The Confederate diplomatists had been struggling abroad in vain for recognition as a government. They saw that

they could not hope to obtain this as long as the war was confined to the limits of the Southern States, and however formidable in proportions, bore always the aspect of a mere local rebellion. Let but their army maintain itself on Northern soil, and Mr. Davis believed that his ambassadors could obtain recognition from some foreign States at least, and with it all the advantages of a position in the family of nations. Then there was the necessity of doing something to sustain the courage of the Rebel States under a misfortune which was impending over them, well known to Davis and Lee, and as yet little appreciated generally among the mass of their people. The sword of Grant was knocking fiercely at the gates of Vicksburg; at any hour it might burst them. With this, Port Hudson must fall; and cutting the Confederacy in twain, the Mississippi would be open from the mountains to the sea. This was a blow which could neither be warded off nor parried, — it must descend; and there was left only the hope of dealing another in return elsewhere which would in some degree diminish its weight.

No sooner were the designs of Lee fully unmasked by his movement from the Shenandoah into the Cumberland valley than General Hooker, who had fallen back towards Washington in obedience to the exigencies of the problem which pressed upon every commander of the Army of the Potomac, — the necessity of covering Wash-

ington, — acted with his usual vigor. Crossing the Potomac to the north side, himself, on the 25th of June, on the 27th he had concentrated his forces at Frederick. It was on the 28th that Lee — whose cavalry had been cut off from him by the rapidity of this action, and who had then pushed Ewell forward to York and Carlisle, with intent, as he says, to cross the Susquehanna, and was himself at Chambersburg with Longstreet and Hill — learned at the same time, not only that Hooker had crossed the Potomac, but that he was actually at Frederick. "We may search the history of modern campaigns in vain," says Colonel Chesney, one of the most intelligent of the British writers on our war, "to find a more striking example of the effect produced by operating on the enemy's communications than that of this movement of Hooker's. The first sound that reached Lee of the advance of the Federal columns to the north of the river caused him to suspend all action in any direction tending to draw him farther from his base." He resolved at once on concentrating his forces on the east side of South Mountain, and preventing Hooker's farther march westward; and orders for this purpose were at once issued. Before these facts were known to Lee, which caused him thus to desist from any further movement forward, the change had been made in the Army of the Potomac which placed General Meade in command, — General Hooker being relieved at his own request.

The immediate cause of this request was the refusal by the War Department to place at his disposal the troops at Harper's Ferry; and without entering into the discussion of this matter here, I may say that I think that there will be found few to-day to defend a course which, when the air was black with the gathering clouds of such a storm as burst in thunder a few days later over Gettysburg, would have left out of the conflict ten thousand efficient troops, under the command of a veteran general [French].

No tribute to the discipline that prevailed in this army can be higher than that which is paid by saying that this change was made when every one knew that a battle was impending, without in any way affecting the spirits or energy of the troops. The French herald who in the same breath announced the death of one king and the accession of another by the words, "The King is dead; long live the King!" was never received with more unquestioning loyalty than, in its devotion to the cause it served and not in indifference to its leaders, this army received each announcement of a change of commanders. Faithful and devoted to those who had preceded, it prepared to render the same obedience to him who now in the very imminence of a mortal struggle found its heavy cares and responsibilities thrown upon him. The situation was one which might cause anxiety to the most audacious, for the loss of a great battle then might endanger all for which we had been

struggling; and yet a great battle must be fought, to relieve the Northern States from the invasion which at that moment seemed to threaten most directly the splendid city of Philadelphia. If Meade could secure the immense tactical advantage of compelling the enemy to attack him, that might be rendered certain which without it would be doubtful. It was his opinion that the infantry of Lee must surpass his own by about ten thousand men, supposing that each could bring on to the field substantially his whole army. If any lesson had been clearly taught already, however, — and every day's experience was to confirm it, — it was that in a country like America, with the rough fieldworks that troops may throw up, the improvements in artillery and musketry are so much for the benefit of the party which stands on the defensive that a force decidedly weaker may in such a position receive the assaults of another with confidence. Cool as he was brave, he resolved that this advantage should be secured by forcing his opponent to attack him, if possible. Accepting his position, in an order issued early in the morning of the 28th, he nobly summoned his troops to their duties, — nor do I like the order less because it is distinctly marked with the manly, healthy, religious feeling which was an essential element in his character. "The country," he says, "looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices

we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved; and let each determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest."

From the nature of the case, as General Meade states, no precise plan had probably been formed by General Hooker, or could be by himself, other than to be governed by the exigencies of the situation. Already the army was in a position which threatened Lee formidably; but the information of any hour might make a change of movements necessary. The 28th was spent in getting together the essential information as to his own army, its various forces, and position, as well as in ascertaining all that was then known at the headquarters in reference to the enemy; and on the 29th, instead of continuing to move westward, which was perhaps the apprehension of Lee, fearful always as to his communications, he commenced to move northward, to compel him to loose his hold on the Susquehanna. From this river, unknown to him, Lee was already drawing back. Moving upon the 29th and on the 30th in a manner which would enable him to concentrate his forces upon Pipe Creek, — a position about fifteen miles south of Gettysburg, which seemed to afford a good line, alike for the purpose of preventing the crossing of the Susquehanna and of covering Washington and Baltimore, — no

means were neglected in endeavoring to ascertain the exact whereabouts of the enemy, and also of the places where it would be suitable to offer him battle. General Humphreys was directed, on the arrival of his division at Emmettsburg, to report whether the ground there was favorable, the position itself being evidently an important one. On the 30th, Meade was informed by Buford, who covered, with his cavalry, the left of our army, of the presence of the enemy near Gettysburg, whither Reynolds, with the First and Eleventh Corps, had already been ordered to proceed. While the orders of the 30th thus directed Reynolds, those to the other corps contemplated evidently taking up the line of Pipe Creek, in doing which they would be shielded and masked by Reynolds on their left front. Reynolds was also instructed, as General Humphreys states in his beautiful address upon General Meade, lately delivered in Philadelphia, to report whether Gettysburg itself afforded ground suitable for a battle. All the orders indicate that every movement was liable to be changed by the development of events; and showing the great skill which Meade possessed as a tactician on a large scale, they demonstrate his ability to handle an army in a series of manœuvres of the greatest importance. He was fully entitled to the praise bestowed by Swinton, the able critic of the operations of the Army of the Potomac, who says that in "spite of the malicious

detraction of his adversaries, who have tried to make it appear that he shrank from the issue of arms at Gettysburg, it was in reality the moral firmness of General Meade that determined the combat in the form in which it actually occurred."

On the morning of the 1st of July, the first encounter took place; and although to the north and west of Gettysburg, it is still to be considered a part, and an essential part, of the battle. It was a day beginning successfully, but so far as the loss of troops was concerned, ending seriously, and yet a conflict of inestimable value; for although forced from the ground we at first occupied, at its close we held the position to the south of Gettysburg on the crest to be thenceforth forever renowned in the American annals. Hill's corps had moved from Chambersburg through Cashtown, and on that morning was encountered by Buford upon that road which is to the west from Gettysburg beyond Seminary Ridge, which on the next day became the most important part of the army's line. Meeting them at about nine o'clock in the morning, he held them most gallantly in check until the arrival of Reynolds with Wadsworth's division, who immediately prepared to engage, sending back for the rest of his corps and for the Eleventh to hurry forward. To sustain Buford was undoubtedly his most pressing need at the moment, as the delay of the enemy was of im-

portance, that Meade might be aided in the concentration of his forces; but with the knowledge Reynolds had of the anxiety of the commanding general, who was then ignorant of the peculiar facilities afforded by the ground at Gettysburg, it is not likely that he passed over the Emmettsburg road without taking in all the advantage to be obtained by the possession of the crest, or anticipating that if forced back upon it, he could cling to it until he was sustained by the whole army. Arranging his troops, forming his lines, with his customary rapidity and energy, he advanced at once on the force opposed to him, which already largely outnumbered his own; but hardly was the movement commenced, when he fell, mortally wounded. Brave men were to die by thousands on that terrible field; yet no one could fall whose loss was more seriously felt and more deeply deplored. Not the men of the First Corps only, whom he had long led, but the whole army, knew him as a soldier in whose bravery and skill the most implicit confidence might be placed. The senior of Meade in military rank, no jealous thought at his promotion to the command of the army ever entered that loyal heart. Modest and simple in manner, with no trace of affectation or boasting, reliable as steel, a true soldier, he died a soldier's death, grandly contributing to the triumph he was never to share. Yet where could man meet better the inevitable hour than in defence of his native State, his life-blood

mingling with the soil on which he first drew breath? Long may the statue which the love and honor of his comrades of the First Corps have reared to him on the field stand, in glorious though mute resemblance to him, as he stood that day, watching with eager gaze and dauntless heart the advance of the coming foe.

His troops did not lose the impulse he had given them, even at his fall: gallantly holding the enemy at bay, many prisoners were taken; and for an hour or two all went well. Substantially the remainder of the First Corps and two divisions of the Eleventh Corps arrived with General Howard, who took command on the field; but soon the advance of Ewell's troops, who now approached from the north on their way from Carlisle and York to Lee's proposed concentration at Gettysburg, seemed to render necessary an extension of our line round to the north of the town, by which it was weakened seriously. Outnumbered now at all points, the day was fairly turned against us; and Howard was forced back through the town to the heights where the battle was finally fought. Nor could he effect this withdrawal except at the expense of a severe loss in prisoners, which fell more heavily upon the Eleventh Corps, which had been exposed to the assaults of the columns coming from the north. Although the number of divisions engaged was about equal, it must be observed that at this time each division and

corps of the enemy was more than double the size of one of ours. Luckily, or rather prudently, General Howard had left in position on Cemetery Hill, as he advanced, one of his own divisions — Von Steinwehr's — which had not been engaged. General Hancock now arrived with an order from Meade to take command on the field, but without troops; the confusion of the withdrawal was subdued; and the men, undiscouraged by the reverse, prepared to receive the assault of the enemy and maintain their position until after nightfall. A demonstration was in fact made, but not with the usual vigor of the enemy, and was without difficulty repulsed. To Meade, Hancock immediately sent word that the ground was favorable, and that it could be held until after nightfall. The Twelfth Corps, in response to the summons of General Howard, sent earlier in the day, had now reached the field, — one brigade of the First, which had been delayed, and two of the Third arriving soon after; and General Hancock, surrendering the command to General Slocum, reported in person to General Meade, who, he found, had already issued orders to all his army to move as rapidly as possible to Gettysburg, and was himself preparing to go thither at once, and was waiting only to hear from the Sixth Corps, which could not reach there until after the middle of the next day, as it was more than thirty miles away. That summer night witnessed a scene

in Pennsylvania such as I trust its hills may never behold again, as the whole army — the artillery by every road, and the infantry by every path — were moving to the conflict; but early in the day everything was ready except the Sixth Corps, and for it they were strong enough to wait. The guns were in position, and some slight breastworks of earth and rails had been hastily thrown up. Meade himself had reached the ground soon after midnight, and directed the arrangement of his troops; that his tactical dispositions for the coming battle were of as excellent an order as his materials allowed, has not been questioned, that I am aware of, by any one. One of his directions on arriving was that proper examination should be made of all the roads leading from Gettysburg. This order, which proceeded only from the caution of a prudent commander desirous to be prepared for any event, however unfortunate, afterwards gave occasion to a charge against him that he intended to withdraw without fighting, — a charge that he always felt to be cruelly unjust. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he emphatically denied it in terms of such solemnity that now, when he stands before the tribunal to which he then appealed, it is but just that it should be repeated here. "I utterly deny," said he, "under the full solemnity and sanctity of my oath, and in the firm conviction that the day will come when the secrets of all

men shall be made known, — I utterly deny ever having intended or thought for one instant to withdraw that army, unless the military contingencies which the future should develop during the course of the day might render it a matter of necessity that it should be withdrawn."

The morning of the 2d of July wore away without anything decisive, — our own army on the crest which stretched from Culp's Hill along Cemetery Hill and Ridge to Round Top; while the enemy, with Longstreet's and Hill's corps, occupied Seminary Hill, a ridge about a mile distant, overlapping our left and extending round to our right with Ewell's corps. Early in the afternoon, stout John Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, was up, after a long march of thirty-six miles; and the Federal Army stood ready to receive the blow which the Army of Northern Virginia must deliver, or lose the prestige it boasted, and acknowledge the invasion a failure. Whether it was wise in Lee to make the attack has been doubted; but he himself felt that it was forced upon him, and says in his report that "while he had not intended to fight a general battle so far from his base unless attacked, yet finding himself confronted unexpectedly by the Federal Army, the battle became in some measure unavoidable by him."

The exact numbers engaged remain to-day in dispute; yet they were undoubtedly as nearly equal as can ever be expected in a conflict of

such magnitude. That theirs exceeded ours seems to be the more general estimate, and by about ten thousand; although I observe General Humphreys, in the address to which I have referred, places their infantry as exceeding ours by fifteen thousand men.

It was three or four o'clock when the comparative silence of the earlier part of the day was broken by the attack upon our left, which was held by the Third Corps under General Sickles. Instead of extending directly from the left of the Second Corps, which was our left centre, to Round Top, he had thrown his line forward to attain a position which he deemed more commanding upon the Emmettsburg road. While a strong attack was made upon his left and upon the angle where his line receded towards Round Top, a flanking force was despatched to carry Little Round Top, which the Rebel commander rightly judged to be the key of the whole position. Before it reached it, however, reinforcements had already arrived from the Fifth Corps; and the struggle for its possession became at once most furious. Nowhere during the engagement was more determination shown. Each regiment, as it came up, realized that the point was vital, — that to lose it, was to lose the day, — and fought accordingly. Fiercely striven for, manfully held, nightfall saw it and the whole crest from it to Culp's Hill in our possession. The Third Corps had indeed been forced from its more advanced position on

the Emmettsburg road; for after a stubborn resistance, in which General Sickles was severely wounded, and a heavy loss in men, it had fallen back to the line from Hancock's left to Round Top, which General Meade always considered the true line.

The most anxious hours of the whole battle were those in which the possession of Round Top and the line on the Emmettsburg road were thus fiercely debated. In this conflict the Third Corps was assisted by reinforcements from nearly every other; and the day was at last brilliantly closed by a charge from General Crawford's division, supported by the advance of the Sixth Corps, which drove the enemy finally from too close proximity to Round Top. On our right an advantage had been gained by Ewell, who had secured a position within our lines, weakened, as they had been, by the reinforcements sent to the left of the line; but of this it was clear to General Meade that he would be easily dispossessed in the morning.

Night descended at last; and each army, anxious but determined, waited for the coming day, which must decide the momentous issue. For Lee to desist in his attack was to confess defeat, while yet, as he says, "he believed ultimate success might be secured;" and although he knew well that the position from which the Third Corps had been forced was an advantage rather apparent than real, yet he knew also that

it had inspirited his troops to a belief that the task before them was not beyond their powers. On the other hand, in our army, while all felt that the hour for exultation had not come, everything seemed to indicate, in spite of the loss of the position on the Emmettsburg road, that the true line of defence was untouched; and that the same determination on the day which was to come as on that which was passed, would insure the victory. To the rule that councils of war never fight, which has become a proverb, the council of war held this night is an exception; for it was there agreed that to fight was the only thing to be done.

Unwilling to abandon the scheme of an invasion, and confiding in the spirit of his troops, Lee decided on the morning of the 3d of July to try again the fortune of an attack. While not materially changing his position, which, as before, swept round from Seminary Ridge, — relinquishing any attempt to carry Round Top, now securely held and rudely but strongly fortified, — his plan was an assault by main force upon our left centre, which should carry all before it. Nor was this unexpected by Meade, who, in a conversation with Gibbon on the evening of the 2d of July, had predicted that after his ill success on our flanks the next movement of Lee would be on our centre. Any project of a movement in force upon our right was abandoned also, if entertained. The driving out of

Ewell's force in the morning from the more forward position it had held the evening before had deprived him of his foothold there, which it would cost a desperate struggle again to obtain.

It was one o'clock on the 3d of July when all was ready within the Confederate lines for that celebrated assault which ranks among the most remarkable in history, alike for the fierceness with which it was made and the resolution and persistency with which it was met and foiled. It has been compared to the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, but not, I think, very happily, for that was but a desperate effort to save a battle already lost. It far more resembles the renowned charge at Wagram, directed by Napoleon himself, then in the zenith of his fame and the full splendor of his great military intellect. Aspern and Essling had been doubtful, or indeed, defeats for the Emperor; and the fate of the day at Wagram was trembling in the scale, when, concentrating the fire of one hundred guns upon the Austrian centre after a furious cannonade, he launched Macdonald, with ten thousand men, upon it. It was observed that although the Empire had long since come, Macdonald, who led the column in person, as if to inflame his men with all the fire of the French Revolution, wore that day his old uniform of a Republican general. Bursting upon the Austrian line, it was broken; and instant retreat followed. But Gettysburg was

to see repeated that favorite movement of Napoleon of striking at the centre, on an even more gigantic scale, yet not with like success. As the wave which beats upon the rocky barriers of our coast is dashed back again in clouds of scattering, dissolving spray, so this fierce and bloody wave of rebellion was to be hurled back, broken, scattered, and in wild disorder, when it struck the adamantine wall of the infantry of the Army of the Potomac.

Concentrating an immense mass of artillery, not less than one hundred and fifty guns, along his front, the Confederate commander strives first to shake the morale of the Federal troops, whose firmness and courage he clearly does not despise, in order that his infantry columns may more readily do the decisive work he has in store for them. From eighty guns posted upon Cemetery Hill and Ridge, our batteries make stern reply; and an artillery conflict of unexampled fury rages from ridge to ridge and over the valley of death that lies between. Sheltering themselves as well as they can, by such rude breastworks as they have, from the terrific storm of shot and shell which fills the air, and with its tumult could wake the very dead among whom their lines are drawn, were they sensible to mortal sounds, our troops await the momentous struggle which is coming; for the mighty roar is but the overture and prelude to a mightier drama. For two hours the tempest continues. Hunt, our prudent Chief

of Artillery, towards the end slackens his fire, that the ammunition may not fail (when the infantry attempt to close, he knows he shall need it all), and his wisdom is well rewarded afterwards. Hancock, who commands the left centre, his own corps being immediately under Gibbon, knows that somewhere on him the storm is to break, and rides along his whole line, seeing that all is prepared, and rousing his men by his ardent words and magnetic presence to the hot work that is before them.

And now there is a momentary lull in the fire of the Confederate line. All know it as the lull which precedes the wildest roar of the tempest; and that for a few moments their batteries cannot fire, because their infantry are moving. Out of the wooded crests which have shielded them on Seminary Ridge they are coming, now in number nearly or quite eighteen thousand men. From the edge of the wood Longstreet directs the assault; and anxiously Lee watches the result. Pickett's division, about five or six thousand strong, is the directing force. Upon the right it is supported by Wilcox and Perry, from Hill's corps. Upon the left Heth's division of Hill's corps, commanded by Pettigrew, forms a portion of the assaulting lines, and is strengthened by two brigades from Pender's division, of the same corps. On Pickett, however, the greatest reliance is placed. Let him but reach our line with adequate momentum, and

they feel that the day is theirs. The men of this division have not yet fought in the battle, and feel that they have been kept for its very crisis; they are resolved upon their work, for they know that the eyes of both armies are upon them. Virginians all, — alas, that the State so honored in the Union as to be termed the mother of its Presidents should send forth so gallant a body of her sons in the mad and wicked effort to destroy it! Conspicuous in the front, as they move into the more open ground, is Pickett himself, carefully forming his lines; and almost immediately they come under the fire of our batteries; yet steadily they move through the valley with a courage that in a good cause should command the admiration of the world. There is no rushing or tumult; for they are old troops and know well the value of discipline, and that they must keep their formations or they will be driven, as a mob would be driven, from the front of the Army of the Potomac. They close up their ranks too, as the shot and spherical case come plunging through their lines, for they have often looked before upon the sight of blood. The lines of Pettigrew, more exposed by the open character of the ground, waver soon under the terrific cannonade, — for Hunt, economical a little while ago, is liberal enough everywhere now, — and are broken on their left, while the right still clings firmly to the directing force. The supporting columns fail to advance in season

and with vigor; and Pickett's division must do the work finally almost alone, if it may. Already it is within the musketry fire of our troops; but yet they withhold it. Many of our guns have now exhausted their canister, and are drawn back to await the struggle of the infantry; but still the stout army lets its opponents come. The Second Vermont Brigade, First Corps, thrown forward upon its flank, is the first to open; but the column still presses on. It encounters now the Second Corps; and as it receives a terrific fire from the divisions of Gibbon and Hays, it returns it with desperate energy, and rushing fiercely onward, strikes with its fullest force upon the front of Webb's brigade, pressing back our line from the stone wall which had covered it to the crest immediately behind, where the gallant Webb, assisted by Hall, soon restores order. Already their battle-flags are on the low stone wall; already Armistead, who leads, as he stands upon it waves his troops forward to their last great struggle. The hour for the Army of the Potomac has come. Up now, men of New England, and show yourselves in the field the same stout defenders of the Constitution and the Union that your statesmen have ever done in the forum! Up, men of the Middle States, upon whose soil this unholy attempt to strike at the keystone of the arch is made! Up, men of the West, whose fortunes have so long been cast with this East-

ern army, that you may bear back beyond the mountains the tidings of the great victory won to-day on the Atlantic slope! Up, true men of the South, few though you are in numbers, who fight in our ranks to-day! There is no need for any one to echo the order of the Duke at Waterloo, to call or command, for now the left centre, as if by a common impulse and instinct, throws itself upon the foe. The point penetrated by the enemy is covered by some regiments; while others change their front so as to strike them on the flank. There is confusion: organization is to some extent lost in both brigades and regiments; but all understand what is to be done, and are resolute. It is the stern confusion of the onset, and not the wretched tumult of disaster. As the long wave of fire bursts upon their charging lines, the colors of our regiments are advanced to meet the battle-flags of the foe. Firmly on our men come, — officers animating by their example at least, when they cannot direct by their commands; for we stand no longer on the defensive, but take the offensive now. Before that determined front and concentrated fire, their men did all that brave though erring and misguided men could do. Killed or mortally wounded, their brigadiers fall; their lines waver, yield, and break at last; and while a few wild, disorganized masses struggle to reach the Confederate line, from which they issued so proudly an hour before, the Army of the Potomac gathers up the prisoners by thou-

sands, and their battle-flags in sheaves, and knows that Gettysburg is won.

General Meade, who was at the right getting his reserves in order when the assault commenced, reached the left centre just as the repulse was fairly completed, and speaking to General Gibbon's aide, asked, "How is it going here?" He was told that the assault was repulsed. He repeated, "Is it entirely repulsed?" and when the aide replied that it was, and all around broke into loud cheers, he raised his hat with a simple "Thank God!" Nor with him was this the mere repetition of a phrase of custom, but an expression of deep and heartfelt feeling. Although thousands in a grateful country attested, by solemn thanksgiving, their gratitude for this great triumph, — worthy to be ranked with what Oliver Cromwell termed the battle of Worcester, "the crowning mercy of the Lord," — I question if from one it came with more deep emotion than from the lips of the commander-in-chief upon the field itself. "A soldier," says Corporal Trim, in Sterne's fine story, — "a soldier, an't please your Rev'rence, must say his prayers when and where he can."

It has been contended that we should now have attacked in our turn; but such a movement, even if successful, might of course become seriously compromising; and it was not in the character of General Meade to put at risk that which he had already gained, when it was of such vast value and

importance. The battle had been fought for the key of the country, where he stood, and fought out thoroughly; it was his beyond doubt or peradventure, — no earthly power could wrest it from him. The invasion was at an end; and Lee would be compelled to abandon the territory into which he had entered. Nor must it be forgotten that while the losses of the enemy were greater far, ours were yet enormous; for tested in the merest material way and without regard to the consequences involved, Gettysburg is one of the great battles of the world. The Confederate loss was eighteen thousand killed and wounded, and 13,600 missing, — nearly the whole of the latter being our prisoners, — making a total of 31,600; our own was 16,500 killed and wounded, and 6,600 missing, — to a large extent the prisoners of the first day, — making a total loss of 23,100.

It was the 5th of July when Lee commenced his retreat; and as he reached the Potomac, which he had crossed in such high hope, he learned by a message from Davis that the blow upon Vicksburg, of which he had hoped to break the weight, had fallen, and that the Mississippi was open to the sea. Whether or not he could have been attacked to advantage before he crossed, is yet an open question, which I shall not undertake here to discuss.

I would not willingly do injustice to the other great fields of the war and their splendid results;

and yet it has always seemed to me that Gettysburg was the culminating point of the Rebellion; and that the blow struck that day for the Union, accompanying the fall of Vicksburg, turned forever its bloody tide. Large, varied, and constant as were the services rendered by General Meade before that day and after it to the very end of the war, it is by his judgment in so manœuvring his army as to compel the Confederate commander to take the initiative, by his energy in bringing his troops to this decisive field, by his skill in posting his force and arranging his order of battle, by his calmness, courage, and persistency in all its vicissitudes, that he will ever be most gratefully remembered. His fame is built upon the rocks, and is as immovable as the hills of Gettysburg. Great fields were yet to be fought, great sacrifices endured, great victories won; the leader, wise of head and stout of heart, who should gather the springs which moved all our armies into a single hand, and control them with a single will, was yet to come before the long-tried Army of the Potomac should see all that it fought for fully secured. Yet although all this was still to be, and although the waves of the Rebellion were to come again and yet again, never was its bloody crest to be reared so high as at Gettysburg.

To do justice to all the valor and heroism of that day, and all its momentous consequences, is a task beyond the reach of language; yet so far

as words may do it, it has been already done. The monuments which the intellect can rear outlast the stateliest that hands can raise. The columns which the States of Greece reared to the dead of Thermopylæ crumbled to the dust hundreds of years ago ; but the noble ode by which Simonides commemorated them is taught to-day in the schools of this University, beneath the budding branches of whose elms we stand, in a world undreamed of then. Athens is in ruin ; conqueror after conqueror has pressed his rude heel upon her ; but the noble oration by which Pericles celebrated the Athenian dead is fresh in immortal youth. And as long as the Union shall stand, will the simple, majestic memorial by which, with words fresh from his true and honest heart, Abraham Lincoln commemorated the great deed done that day be remembered ; and "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Already my brief hour draws to its close. You know well that within its limits it would be vain for me to attempt to write the history of the subsequent operations of the Army of the Potomac ; yet to do all this would be necessary to do full justice to our late commanding general. Let me sum them briefly up by saying that the operations of the remainder of the year of which I have been speaking, though important, were indecisive, — both the Army of the Potomac and

that of Northern Virginia being reduced, by heavy drafts made upon them, to sustain the movements now taking place in the West.

The succeeding spring witnessed the great change by which our armies came under one head, by the appointment of General Grant as lieutenant-general, who was to command in the field and not from the Bureau, — of which latter style of commanding we had indeed had enough, — and to whose splendid exertions and unflinching determination we owed, under God, our final triumph. Recognizing fully that the pinch of the contest was between this army and that which had so long held the lines of the Rebel capital, and that other operations, however important, were secondary and subsidiary only, the proper place to direct the movements of all seemed to him to be from the field; and his headquarters were fixed near those of our commanding general. The near presence of an officer of higher rank with him undoubtedly rendered General Meade's position one of some delicacy; yet it cost him no difficulty to meet all its exigencies. While the responsibility for the great movements to be made rested with the lieutenant-general, their tactical execution, so far as this army was concerned, devolved upon him, and the immediate command was always his; and his duties were so executed, I hazard nothing in saying, as to command from General Grant a respect and esteem which continued to the day of his death. In the long

series of battles which now commenced, General Meade's splendid abilities as a tactician, his firmness and judgment, his devotion to his troops, were everywhere conspicuous, at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, lavish of their dead; and in every conflict up to the last, when though the malarial fever that raged within his veins did not permit him to sit on his horse, he still directed the Army of the Potomac in its stern pressure upon the encompassed and beleaguered army of Lee. To the great and high idea of duty which he expressed in taking command of the army, he was faithful to the close of its existence; and the succeeding years, which witnessed his command in the Southern States, attest that the moderation and firmness, the humanity and love of justice, which were essential attributes of his character, make his civil life as honorable as his military career was splendid.

Comrades, the army which he commanded so long has passed away. No more shall its bugles break the sweet stillness of the morning air, as with their reveille they salute the coming day; no more shall the falling night hear the rolling tattoo of its drums. Its tents are struck; and its cannon have thundered their last notes of defiance and of victory. Each year we who were its survivors assemble in sadly diminishing numbers, as the remorseless artillery of time hurls its fatal missiles into our ranks, until shortly a few old men only shall gather together and strive

with feeble voices to raise the thundering battle-cheer with which we once answered the Rebel yells, to sink themselves soon after under the common lot. How fast the coming generations rise to push us from our places, when we remember all whom we have lost, even since the war, I do not need to remind you. Yet as generation after generation shall come in their long succession, while the great flag that the Army of the Potomac bore at the head of its marching columns waves over a free and united people, it will be remembered that in its day and generation, and in its time and place, that army did for liberty and law, for the Constitution and the Union, deeds worthy of immortal honor. And he who was its leader on so many a hot and bloody day and on so many a well-contested field, — we leave him to his long repose, to his pure, unsullied, and well-earned fame, in the full confidence that while a Christian gentleman, a wise and true soldier, a lofty patriot, is honored, he will not be forgotten : —

"Mild in manner, fair in favor,
Kind in temper, fierce in fight,
Warrior, nobler, gentler, braver,
Never will behold the light."

ADDRESS

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT WORCESTER, JULY 15, 1874.

With the reflections that have been excited by the noble address to which we have just listened engrossing our minds, with the emotions it has kindled still swelling our hearts, it would hardly seem advisable (were I to consult my own views alone) that more should be added; and we might well depart, satisfied that all it was in our power to do by the exercises of this day had been done. Yet as it has seemed otherwise to the committee, who have desired that some one should speak upon this occasion who had himself served with those whose deeds we have striven this day to commemorate, I answer readily to the call. Certainly it is most fitting that in a city whose existence and prosperity demonstrate more clearly than any labored argument all that has been achieved by the great principles of liberty and equality which are the foundation-stones of the mighty fabric of the American Union, some memorial should rise which should tell in after times our affectionate and profound regard for the heroic self-devotion and exalted patriotism of those who have died to preserve

it. Did not the impulse of gratitude constrain us to erect this monument, wisdom alone would dictate such a step; so that by its mute appeal there might be inculcated upon all, the force and beauty of their noble example. The education of a people in great ideas is not by books alone; there is a warmth and glow in whatever is brave, noble, and heroic, among the men of our own race and time, which we shall look for in vain among the teachings of the remote past; and all wise nations have striven to perpetuate the memory of those whom they have deemed worthy of honor, by the pen of the poet, the voice of the orator, and the hand of the sculptor. How strong and potent through every phase of our great struggle was the remembrance that we were endeavoring to preserve that government which, with infinite care, our fathers had constructed! As to the lips of many a dying soldier — lips that were to know joy and grief no more — there came a smile as he proudly recalled that he too had trod, and with no unequal footsteps, in the paths marked out by our great forefathers, so hereafter those to whom in a few short years we must surrender this fair land, as they advance in the freshness of their youthful energy to the duties of citizens, shall gather inspiration from the example of these men who were our comrades and brethren. They shall hear of the fierce fights of the Peninsula, of Antietam, Gettysburg, and Nashville, of the March to the Sea and the Surrender of Appomattox, and their hearts shall glow with the

desire to emulate the noble fidelity and courage of the soldiers of the War of the Rebellion. They shall read the sad and wretched story of the horrors and systematic tortures of the Southern prison-houses, which history will be compelled by truth to record, and shall be filled with a deeper detestation of that system of slavery which made such cruelties possible, and a loftier respect for that liberty for which these brave men died. To-day we rear no monument to military glory; we come not to adorn with the laurel wreath the brow of any great chieftain, but to honor those qualities which make men truly great, although their duties were performed in the humblest station. The lesson taught by these noble lives and heroic deaths we seek so to impress that it may sink deep into the hearts of our countrymen long after our own have ceased to beat.

The duties which the citizens of every free government owe to it are of necessity of a higher and more solemn character than the obligations which are due from the subjects of any other State. It is emphatically their own, made by their own will, to be sustained, if sustained at all, by their own power. When menaced by disorder from within or foes from without, it is for themselves to defend it. This duty cannot be avoided or transferred; they who would be free and they who would preserve their freedom alike "themselves must strike the blow."

We recognize fully that among the causes which

have degraded nations, war, by the evils, moral and social, which it brings in its train, by the debts with which it encumbers industry and burdens its rewards, has been among the worst. We know that at this stage of the world's progress and in this era of civilization every nation which enters upon a war as vast and tremendous as that which was forced upon us, must justify itself and its acts. Before the august tribunal of history, whose summons cannot be disregarded, before the civilized world, we are ready to plead and answer. As a part of the people of the United States, a city from whose limits there went forth, largely recruited here and almost entirely from this county, seven splendid regiments, some of which may fairly be classed as among the most distinguished of the whole army, we assert by the solemn act of to-day, by this bronze and granite, that had not we, had not these men and their comrades done what they did, the fabric of free government bequeathed to us would have been destroyed, and the hopes of freemen throughout the world have been blasted. We assert that the cause for which our own brave men died — that of free government, that of human liberty — forever entitles them to honor, to tender and grateful recollection; and that the bravery and fortitude they exhibited were the true fruits of the patriotism in which they had their origin. We assert, now that the battle is fought and the victory won, that what they did and what we did was demanded most solemnly by duty; and

that if we had failed in putting forth every effort to suppress the Rebellion, we should have been worthy to be branded as recreant to liberty.

By no fault of ours, by the wisdom of our fathers, — and I use the words with the tenderest respect for them, for I realize all their difficulties, — there had been welded together, not in a compact, but by an organic law, two classes of States. That there should be such a union was a matter of political necessity; and no one can contemplate this wonderful form of government without the profoundest respect and reverence for its founders, successfully combining as they did the peace and good order of small States with the strength, power, and widely extended influence of a great government. That there was a flaw in their work, they knew; and yet, looking at it as they saw it when it was done, — when they recognized that they were freed from the troubles, the jealousies, the weakness of the Confederation which had struggled through the Revolution, and which, after the external cohesive pressure of war had been withdrawn, had tried to perform some of the duties of a government, — what wonder that they trusted that in process of time the States would become essentially alike, and slavery, which they hesitated to acknowledge by name, would by some agency pass away. It was not so to be. Madly resolved to rule or ruin, determined to interrupt the natural progress of events and the victory for freedom which peace was so rapidly winning, the Southern

States determined to dismember the Union. Perhaps even in this we might have acquiesced, had we not seen clearly that two such governments as our own and the one they would have established could not exist together. We should have been side by side with a nation from the very necessities of its existence aggressive, resolute, determined, and compelled to seek out new fields into which to extend its power. There was an instinct which told the American people not only that if they permitted the Union to be once divided, it could never be reunited, but also that if broken into two such States, one or the other must have the mastery. Our war is never to be confounded with the struggles for power or for extended territory, or the fierce contests of dynasties, which constitute so large a portion of those which have filled the earth with bloodshed; it was a great elemental struggle in which two opposite systems were placed in direct conflict. Difficult as it had been to deal with the question of slavery within the Union, it was impossible to deal with it in a government outside of the Union; and it was to be settled then and there whether the continent should be all free or all slave. Like the clouds charged with opposite electricities which sweep over and meet in collision in our summer skies, these two systems came of necessity into collision; but as after the electric storm the air is purer and fresher, so now that the fury of the tempest has passed, the face of all nature is brighter and fairer.

Perhaps it may be true that if it had been revealed to us how vast the contest, how immense the suffering, how terrible the expenditure of life, we should have shrunk back aghast from that sea of fire and blood; but the heart of no people ever beat more strongly and truly than did that of the American people, as it sent back its answer to the cannon-fire which announced that the flag of the Union no longer protected from insult those over whom it floated. The Union, it said, is no rope of sand such as the winds and waves may toss upon the shore, but a chain whose links, though bright as gold, are yet as strong as adamant.

Wars have not always been unmixed evils. Out of the fierce conflicts of the English people in the days of our own Puritan fathers came the liberty which England now enjoys; and it is by wars that France and Spain, blindly, often madly, striving, still force their way on towards the republic, which is their only hope for permanent peace. Who is there to say that, vast as the price was, our own conflict was not worth all that it cost? True it is that our treasure was poured out like water; that noble and valuable lives, not to be estimated in any scale of material wealth, were sacrificed by thousands; yet the consolidation of a government in which two discordant elements had so long contended was worth even this mighty price. The American people, rejecting all the shallow artifices of compromise, have placed their feet firmly and forever upon the great rocks of Liberty, Equality, and

Justice, and from them they cannot be moved. The personal feelings engendered between us and the rebellious portion of the Southern States will pass away as the physical signs of the conflict rapidly disappear; but the work which these hands, now cold and still, have wrought, is to endure as long as freedom has an abiding-place on earth.

Of the unfortunate victims whom the twin furies of Slavery and Rebellion led forth to battle, we, although standing here in honor of the brave who yielded their lives in the great and holy cause of Loyalty and Freedom, will speak no word of harshness. Misled, betrayed, erring, they were our countrymen still; but it were childish weakness to speak of their cause other than as it was. Already the voices of true men who served in the Confederate army begin to speak out in recognition of the truth that their cause was opposed alike to the government of the country, the civilization of the age, and to humanity itself. The victories of the sword are sharp and incisive, those of opinion slower, yet more enduring; but the day will come when throughout the eleven States which were the seat of this gigantic Rebellion, it will be universally admitted that it was better for them as well as for us that it failed.

For the cordial greeting that has been given to those who have been in the field, for the generous and noble tribute that has been paid to them by

the orator of the occasion, which has been so warmly received, I return thanks on their behalf and my own most sincerely. To-day we that have been soldiers desire to do all honor to the noble spirit of loyalty that prevailed at home, which encouraged the heart and strengthened the hand of every man who went forth to the field. We know well how many there were whom age, infirmity, or duties more immediate and imperative even than those of filling the army, prevented from being of our number. All who in those hours of trial did their duty are entitled proudly to remember it now and hereafter. Nor ought we to forget the obligations we are under to the women of the country, for the courage they manifested from the beginning to the very close of the struggle. Even now, when the call for charity is made, — and it must of necessity be, at the close of war so terrible as this, that it is often made, — their ears are never deaf. Hard as is the lot, stern as is the duty of the soldier who swings on his knapsack for the weary fields of war, that of the mother who gives up her son, of the wife who gives up her husband, of the maiden who gives up her lover, is harder still; for it is hers only to weep and watch and wait. For him, if there is the danger, there is the stern joy of the conflict; for her, only the long weary hours of sadness and suspense. I read of the noble Roman and Grecian mothers, of the brave and tender women

whom English literature and English poetry have loved to remember; but again and yet again in our own day was re-enacted here every beautiful story of feminine self-sacrifice by the women of our own land. Honor to all for their words of encouragement and cheer, with which they strove to fortify the hearts of those whom they loved, even when their own were nearly bursting. But for those who in lonely homes or by bereaved firesides wait still for the footsteps that are to come no more on earth, for the voices that are forever silent, let them believe that the tenderest sympathy and most affectionate regard of a grateful people now and always surround them.

Of the men themselves, whose names are borne upon these tablets, how can I trust myself to speak on an occasion which seems to recall them, as I have known them through all the long and anxious years of the war, — sometimes sad and weary with the long marches under the stifling heat of the July sun, or in the wet and cold of December's snow; sometimes cheerful and gay as they gathered in merry groups around the evening fires. Again their voices seem to ring out loud and high in the charging cheer of the fierce attack; again to speak in the old, calm, resolute tones, as they sternly struggle with the sad hours of disaster and defeat. There are names written here that I cannot, dare not, trust myself to utter, lest I lose the self-control proper for the occasion, — for they are the names

of men who have fought by my side in my own commands, who have shared my mess and my blanket, upon whom often my arm has leaned with a confidence that never was betrayed. To many hearts there comes the thought of those dearer and tenderer than any others can be; yet it is better to recall them together, as they are grouped together by valor in their country's cause, and by their glorious doom. Embracing every condition of our social life, the richest and poorest, the best and the least educated, they were true representative men of the American people, citizens before they were soldiers, holding the former as their highest title, and always remembering that they were soldiers only that they and those for whom they died might enjoy forever the proud title of citizens of a well-ordered, peaceful, free republic. By far the larger number were of the enlisted men; and of those who were borne upon the roll as officers, many have carried the knapsack and the musket in the ranks of the army. The distinctions of position, inseparable from a service where each man must give up to his superior in rank his own will and judgment, have long since passed away among the living, — how much more among the dead! To-day we come to do honor to those qualities of courage, fidelity, patriotism, which ennoble him who exhibits them, no matter what his rank or station. That there were differences among these men is no doubt true; for it would be

idle to pretend that all were equally actuated by the same lofty patriotism and the same exalted spirit. Yet if among them there is any one less worthy than the others, I use the words of the Athenian orator when I say that "I hold above him, as a shield, his value in his country's behalf." When all deductions are made, if any are to be made, the fact will stand that no army ever went to the field more solemnly resolved upon duty, or animated by a higher sense of its responsibility, than our own. It was no fierce fire of ambition, no thirst for the pomp and glitter of military glory, no wild longing for adventure, that urged our soldiers on; but with a deep sense of their obligation to their country, with a full knowledge of all their dangers, yet with a determination to meet them all, they went forth. They were nobler men, they were braver soldiers, because, calmly reflecting, they had followed the path to which duty beckoned, in the stern faith that they would follow it still, even though it led them to death.

To-day there is no time to dwell at length on their deeds, — for to enumerate all the trials of those doubtful years is the province of the historian, and not of the casual speaker, — but steadily we pressed on until God had given us the victory. These men could not know when they fell but that their struggles would be useless, for their dying eyes were permitted to look

only upon the sad spectacle of States "discordant, belligerent, and drenched in fraternal blood;" yet now the land itself seems nobler and fairer for these that it bears in its bosom. As the power of association unites the memory of each to the spot where his mouldering dust is laid, so our mountains seem loftier, as they guard the resting-places where they lie, and our rivers to move to the sea with a broader and prouder sweep, because of the brave men whose life-blood has mingled with their streams.

> "They fell, devoted but undying;
> The very gale their names seems sighing;
> The waters murmur of their name;
> The woods are peopled with their fame.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain;
> Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain:
> The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
> Rolls mingling with their fame forever."

Comrades! The Monument we have to-day received, I do not permit myself to doubt we shall cherish always as a memorial worthy of every honor. To-day we have dedicated it by the strains of sad yet proud music, by the pen of the poet, by the voice of the accomplished orator who has addressed us, and by solemn invocation to Heaven, as our attestation of the truth and bravery of these men. We have commended them and their deeds forever to the gratitude of their fellow-countrymen. Yet our

ceremony will be but formal and empty, if we do not endeavor to show in ourselves, now and always, some evidence of the patriotism which they exhibited. The Rebel flag was furled, indeed, at Appomattox; but our duties as citizens are not finished, and never can be while life shall last. As we stood together in our ranks, in the fields that girdle this fair city, — ere we started on that journey from which so many were never to return, — with bared heads and uplifted hands we solemnly swore to be true to the Republic, and to defend it against all its enemies. From that great oath, the dead alone are absolved, however bravely we may have kept it in the smoke and fire of the battle-field. To-day let us renew that solemn obligation; to the luxury that enervates a nation, let us oppose the dignity of simple, manly, heroic lives; to the corruption that seems always to prey upon great and wealthy States, let us show ourselves always resolute and implacable foes; and as at the dawning of the Rebellion, so now, let us pledge our faith to all our fellow-citizens, and our undying devotion to the Union, wherever the great flag, the symbol of Liberty and Law, waves on the land or on the sea.

And now, dear fellow-comrades, wherever you have found your final resting-place, repose in peace and honor! We who shared with you the long night-watches, the weary marches, the stormy conflicts, like you are soon to pass away; but coming generations shall take up our eulogy, and you

shall be known and honored long after the clods of the valley have pressed us to our eternal rest. Though to a narrow vision your lives seem short, your deaths to have been premature, yet that life is full and complete which like yours has answered life's great end. It is not wealth or power that constitutes the true glory of a State, but noble, high-souled men; and this imperial Union shall hold your fame forever as the brightest jewel in her radiant crown. As hearts cannot be divided, as true souls must ever remain united, so are we one army still; although the great river which rolls between the living and the dead yet leaves us on this hither side, although we see that your faces are bright with a light more resplendent than that of the summer's sun, and that the armor you wear "never gleamed upon earthly anvil," still would we be one with you in fidelity to duty, in loyalty to liberty, in devotion to the country which is the mother of us all.

ORATION

AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1875.

In pious and patriotic commemoration of the great deed which one hundred years ago was done on this immortal field; in deep thankfulness for the blessings which have been showered upon us as a people with so lavish a hand; in the earnest hope that the liberty, guarded and sustained by the sanctions of law, which the valor of our fathers won for us, and which we hold to-day in solemn trust, may be transmitted to endless generations, — we have gathered to-day in this countless throng, representing in its assemblage every portion of our common country.

A welcome, cordial, generous, and heartfelt, to each and all!

Welcome to the sons of New England, and their descendants, no matter where their homes may be! They stand upon the soil made sacred now and forever by the blood of their fathers. Among them we recognize with peculiar pleasure and satisfaction those allied by family ties to the great leaders of the day, — to Prescott, Putnam, Warren; to Stark, Knowlton, Pomeroy, and equally those in

whose veins flows the kindred blood of any of the brave men who stood together in the battle-line.

Insignificant as the conflict seems to us now in regard to the numbers engaged, unimportant as it was then so far as results purely military and strategical were concerned, the valor and patriotism here exhibited, the time when and the opportunity on which they were thus displayed, have justly caused it to be ranked among the decisive battles of the world.

Welcome to the citizens of every State, whether they have come here from those States which represent the thirteen colonies, or from the younger States of the Union! We thank them all, whether they come from the great Middle States which bind us together, from the West, or from the South, for the pilgrimage they have made hither in generous appreciation of the great step that was taken here upon the jagged and thorny path on which we were compelled to walk in our journey towards independence. Fought although this battle was by the men of the colonies of New England, they did not stand for themselves alone, but that there might be founded a structure imperishable as any that man can rear in a free and united government. The corner-stone of the edifice they laid was for all the colonies that were, all the States that are, all the States that are yet to be.

Welcome to the Vice-President of the United States, the Justices of its Supreme Court, and the

General commanding its armies! They represent to us the government which was the result of the Revolution. In 1775, Massachusetts was the most populous but one or perhaps two of the colonies, and by the unity of her people the most powerful and warlike of any. She has seen, notwithstanding her own vast increase in population and wealth, although a great State has since been taken from what were then her borders, her relative position change; but she has seen with admiration and not with envy, with pride and satisfaction and not with mean jealousy, the growth of States broader, richer, and fairer than she can hope to be. Whatever changes may have come, her spirit has not changed, her voice has not altered. Then singled out from the colonies to be first subdued and punished, as she lifted her head in stern defence of her ancient liberty, in proud defiance of those who would oppress her, demanding her own great right of local self-government, she called upon her sister colonies for a union that should secure and maintain the rights of all; so to-day she demands for all others every right which she asks for herself, and she calls upon all for that cordial and generous obedience which she is ready to render to the Constitution which has united them forever.

It was to be expected as the controversy between Great Britain and her colonies moved on from the proposed passage of the Stamp Act in 1764, and as its inevitable tendency developed, that its weight should be thrown in the first instance upon New

England and her chief town and colony. The colonies differed in some important respects in the manner in which they had been settled and in the character of their people. To some there was nothing distasteful in a monarchical government as such, if it had been wisely and liberally administered; but New England remembered always the race from which she sprung, and why her fathers had crossed the sea. Others had come from a love of adventure, from the hope of wealth, from a desire to test the fortunes of a new world; but for none of these things had her founders left the pleasant fields and loved homes of their native land, and the unquenchable love of liberty which animated them lived still in the bosoms of their descendants. Nor was her stern religious faith averse to the assertion by force of what she deemed her liberties. In Parliament, the spirit that prevailed at the time of the accession of George III. was different from that ardent zeal for constitutional freedom which had resulted in the dethronement of James II.; but New England understood her rights, and was prompt to maintain them always in the spirit of the English Commonwealth. "In what law-book, in what records or archives of State," said one to Selden, "do you find the law for resisting tyranny?" and the great lawyer of that day answered, "It has always been the 'custom of England;' and the 'custom of England' is the law of the land."

It was not merely the right to tax without

representation; it was the claim, necessarily involved in such a right, to govern in a different manner, and through officials appointed by the British Crown, that astonished the colonies, and united all at first in remonstrance and afterwards in determined resistance. Her own character and the circumstances of her situation had placed Massachusetts in the van of this conflict, and had caused her, when the policy of coercion was finally resolved on, to be dealt with by a system of legislation unprecedented in the method usually adopted by Britain in governing her colonies. It was industriously circulated in Parliament that she would not be sustained by the others in the resolute attitude which she had assumed; and upon her were rained in rapid succession the statutes known by the popular names of the Boston Port Bill, the Regulating Act, the Enforcing Act, which were intended to reduce her chief town, the most important in North America, to beggary; which abrogated the provisions of her charter, and took from the people the appointment of their judges, sheriffs, and chief officers; which forbade the town-meetings, whose spirit had been too bold and resolute to be pleasant; which denied to her citizens in many cases the trial by jury, and permitted them to be transported to England or to other colonies for trial, — a system which, if it could have been enforced, would have reduced her inhabitants to political servitude. Sustained by her own daring spirit, and by the generous encouragement of

her sister colonies, she had resisted; and the ten months that had preceded Lexington and Concord had been practically those of war, although blows had not been struck, and blood had not been shed. In the speech of Mr. Burke, delivered March, 1775, upon conciliation with America, memorable not so much for its splendid eloquence (although it is among the masterpieces of the English language) as for its generous statesmanship, he describes Massachusetts, the utter failure of the attempt to reduce her either to submission or anarchy, and her preservation of order even while she rejected the authority of the Governor and judges appointed by the British Crown. He closes by saying, "How long it will continue in this state, or what may arise out of this unheard-of situation, how can the wisest of us conjecture?"

Obviously no such condition of things could endure; and before his words could cross the Atlantic, the question that he asked had been answered by the appeal to arms. The hoof-beats of Paul Revere's horse along the Lexington road had announced, as the yeomanry of Middlesex, Essex, and Worcester sprang to arms to meet the movement of the British from Boston, on the evening of April 18, that the lull was over, and that the storm had come in all its majesty.

The day that followed had changed the relation of the contending parties forever; but the battle of Bunker Hill is also one of the definite steps which mark the progress of the American Revo-

lution. It was not merely that it was an act of resistance by those who will not submit to be oppressed; it was the result of a distinctly aggressive movement on the part of those who claimed the right to levy and maintain armies; nor can I better discharge the duty which has fallen on me, by the deeply regretted absence of the distinguished scholar and orator[1] who it was hoped would have addressed you, than by recalling its events. Even if to some extent I shall seem to trespass upon the domain of the historian or the annalist, the deeds of brave men are their true eulogy; and from a calm contemplation of them we may draw an inspiration and encouragement greater than could be derived from labored argument or carefully studied reflection.

Lexington and Concord had been immediately followed by the gathering of the militia of New England for the siege of Boston, where Gage, now reinforced by Clinton, was compelled to rest, sheltered by the cannon of the ships of war, in command of the garrison of the beleaguered town. The force by which he was surrounded was an irregular one; nor had it any distinctly recognized commander, — for while a precedence was accorded to General Ward, on account of his seniority, and because more than two thirds of those assembled were Massachusetts men, yet, inasmuch as no colony could claim authority over another,

[1] The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

the army was an army of allies, the troops of each colony being commanded by its own officers, while all the general officers formed a council of war.

The occupation of Bunker Hill was resolved on at the suggestion of the Committee of Safety of Massachusetts, made with a knowledge that General Gage was about to take possession of the heights of Dorchester; and on the evening of the 16th of June the force destined for this formidable movement assembled upon the Common at Cambridge. It consisted of some seven or eight hundred men, drawn from the regiments of Prescott, Frye, and Bridge, and of some two hundred men from Connecticut, from the regiment of Putnam, under Captain Thomas Knowlton, the whole under the command of Colonel William Prescott. As they formed for their march, Langdon, the President of Harvard College, came from his study, and implored the blessing of God upon their then unknown and dangerous expedition.

So always may the voice of this great institution, which, among their earliest acts and in their day of weakness, our fathers dedicated to the cause of sound learning, be uplifted in solemn invocation in every struggle, whether in the forum or the field, for progress, for liberty, and for the rights of man! From her halls, then converted into barracks, had come forth the men who, within the thirty-five years that had preceded, had more largely than any others con-

trolled and conducted the great debate between England and her colonies, which, beginning distinctly in 1764 by the proposed passage of the Stamp Act, was now to be settled by the arbitrament of arms. In 1740 had graduated Samuel Adams, and in his thesis for the Master's degree had maintained the proposition which was the foundation of the Revolution, that it was lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the commonwealth could not otherwise be preserved. He had been followed, among others hardly less distinguished, by James Otis, by Cooper and Bowdoin, Hancock and John Adams, by Warren and Quincy. Differing in ages and occupations, in personal qualities and mental characteristics, this remarkable group had been drawn together by common enthusiasm. To their work they had brought every energy of mind and heart; and they had so managed their share of the controversy, in which all the leading statesmen of Britain had participated, as to have commanded the respect of their opponents, while they inspired and convinced their own countrymen. Many lived to see their hopes fulfilled; yet not all. Already Quincy, the youngest of this illustrious circle, had passed away, appealing with his dying words to his countrymen to be prepared to seal their faith and constancy to their liberties with their blood. Already the gloomy shadow of mental darkness had obscured forever the splendid powers of Otis; and the hour of Warren was nearly come.

It was nine o'clock in the evening as the detachments, with Prescott at their head, moved from Cambridge. On arriving at Charlestown, a consultation was held, in which it is believed that Putnam, and perhaps Pomeroy, joined; and it was determined to fortify Breed's Hill, not then known by the distinctive name it has since borne. Connected with Bunker Hill by a high ridge, these two eminences might not improperly be considered as peaks of the same hill; and for the purpose of annoyance to the British at Boston, Breed's Hill was better adapted. Together they traverse a large portion of the peninsula of Charlestown, which, connected with the mainland by a narrow neck, and broadening as it approaches Boston, is washed on the northern side by the Mystic, and on the eastern and southern by the Charles River. As the line of retreat to the Neck, which was the only approach, was long, Breed's Hill could not be safely held, however, without fortifying Bunker Hill also.

At midnight work on the redoubt began; and at dawn the intrenchments, as they were discovered by the British fleet in Charles River, which opened upon them at once, were about six feet high. Well sheltered within them, the men, under a terrific cannonade from the ships and floating batteries, aided by a battery on Copp's Hill opposite, continued to labor at the works until about eleven o'clock, when they were substantially finished. At about this time General Putnam reached the field,

and recommended that the intrenching tools be sent to Bunker Hill, where he directed the throwing up of a breastwork which, in the confusion of the day, was never completed.

Oppressed by their severe labor, the terrific heat, and their want of water and provisions, some urged upon Prescott that he should send to General Ward that they might be relieved; but this he resolutely refused, saying that the men who had raised the works were best able to defend them. At Cambridge, however, much anxiety prevailed. General Ward, who was of opinion that General Gage must attack at once, and would make his principal attack at Cambridge, was unwilling to weaken the main army until his intentions should be developed; but yielding partially to the energetic remonstrances of the Committee of Safety, through Mr. Richard Devens, consented to order to Charlestown the regiments of Stark and Reed, which were under his control.

The consultation at Boston, begun at the announcement made by the cannonade from the British ships, was spirited and long. It was the opinion of Sir Henry Clinton that troops should be landed at the Neck, and the evidently small force upon the hill, then taken in reverse, would easily be captured. But this plan was rejected by General Gage, for the reason that the force thus landed might be placed between two forces of the enemy, in violation of the military axiom that troops should be compelled to deal only with an

enemy in front. While the rule is sound, its application to this case might well be doubted, as, by concentrating the fire of the British ships and batteries, it could have been made impossible for any organized force to cross the Neck, had the British forces been landed near this point, and thus imprisoned the Americans in the peninsula.

To attack the works in front, to carry them by main force, to show how little able the rabble that manned them was to compete with the troops of the King, and to administer a stern rebuke which should punish severely those actually in arms, and admonish those whose loyalty was wavering, was more in accordance with the spirit that prevailed in the British army. Its officers were smarting under the disgrace of the retreat from Lexington and Concord, and would not yet believe that they had before them foemen worthy of their steel.

It was soon after twelve o'clock when the troops commenced their movements from the North Battery and Long Wharf of Boston, landing at about one o'clock without molestation at the extreme point of the peninsula, known as Moulton's Point. On arriving, Major-General Howe, by whom they were commanded, finding the work more formidable than he had anticipated, determined to send for reinforcements. This delay was unwise ; for the interval, although it brought him additional troops, proved of far more advantage to the Americans.

When the news of the actual landing arrived at

Cambridge, a considerable body of Massachusetts troops was ordered towards Charlestown, while General Putnam ordered forward those of Connecticut. Of all these, however, comparatively few reached the field before the action was decided. Many never reached Charlestown at all; others delayed at Prospect Hill, appalled at the tremendous fire with which the British swept the Neck; while others came no farther than Bunker Hill.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when, reinforcements having arrived, all was ready in the British line for the attack; and it is time to consider the character of the defences erected, and their position, as well as the forces by which they were then manned. The redoubt, which enclosed the spot where the monument now stands, was upon the crest of Breed's Hill, — an eminence about seventy feet in height. It was about eight rods square, with its front towards the south, overlooking the town and Charles River. Its southeastern angle directly faced Copp's Hill, while its eastern side fronted extensive fields which lay between it and Moulton's Point; Moulton's Hill,[1] then about thirty feet in height, but now levelled with the surface of the ground, was situated between it and Moulton's Point. The eastern side of the redoubt was prolonged by a breastwork detached by a sally-port, which extended for about one hundred yards towards a marsh; while the northern side over-

[1] Called Morton's Hill in all the accounts of the battle.

looked the Mystic River, from which it was distant about five hundred yards.

For the possession of this work the conflict was now about to take place. It had, however, been strengthened upon the side towards the Mystic by a protection without which it would have been untenable; and this addition had been made while General Howe was waiting for reinforcements, by the forethought of Prescott, the skilful conduct of Knowlton, and the fortunate arrival of Stark. Immediately upon the first landing, observing the intention on the part of the British general of moving along the Mystic, and thus attempting to outflank the Americans, Prescott had directed Knowlton, with the Connecticut detachment and with two field-pieces, to oppose them. Captain Knowlton, with his men, who, it will be remembered, were of the original command of Prescott, moved about six hundred feet to the rear of the redoubt upon the side towards the Mystic, and took a position there near the base of Bunker Hill properly so called, finding a fence which extended towards the Mystic, the foundation of which was of stone, and upon it two rails. Rapidly making, with the materials he found, another fence a few feet distant, he filled the interval with grass from the fields which the mower of yesterday had passed over, but upon which the great reaper was to gather to-day a rich harvest. While thus engaged, Stark (a part of whose men were detained at Bunker Hill by Put-

nam on his proposed works there) followed closely by Reed, arrived, and perceiving instantly the importance of this position for the defence of the intrenchments, — for the way, as he says, for the enemy was "so plain he could not miss it," — extended the line of Knowlton by rails and stones taken from adjoining fences until it reached the river, making on the extreme left on the beach a strong stone wall. As the rail-fence was so far to the rear of the redoubt, there was of course an interval, which some slight attempt had been made to close, and where also was posted the artillery of the Americans, which, however, insufficient of itself and feebly served, was of little importance during the action.

In the mean time, few although the reinforcements were, there had now arrived some fresh men to inspire with confidence those who had toiled with Prescott through the weary night and exhausting day without food, drink, or rest. Just before the battle actually commenced, detachments from the Massachusetts regiments of Brewer, Nixon, Woodbridge, Little, and Major Moore reached the field. Most of these took their place at the breastwork on the left of the eastern front of the redoubt, and a similar breastwork more hastily made by using a cartway upon the right.

Upon the extreme right were posted a few troops, extending towards the base of the hill, while two flanking parties were thrown out by Prescott to harass the enemy.

A portion of the Massachusetts troops who arrive endeavor to fill the gap which exists between the breastwork and the rail-fence, while yet a few take their stand at the rail-fence. Notably among these latter is the veteran General Pomeroy, of Northampton, too old, as he thinks a few days later, when he is chosen a brigadier by the Continental Congress, to accept so responsible a trust, yet not so old that he cannot fight in the ranks, although the weight of seventy years is upon him. Later in the day, when his musket is shattered by a shot, he waves the broken stock in his strong right hand as he directs the men, — a leader's truncheon that tells its own story of the bravery by which it was won. All know the brave old man ; and as, declining any command, he takes his place as a volunteer, he is greeted with hearty cheers. To the redoubt has now come Warren, in the spirit of a true soldier, who, having advised against a plan which has been adopted, feels the more called upon to make every effort that it shall succeed. The enthusiasm with which he is received indicates at once the inspiration and encouragement that the men all feel in that gallant presence ; but when Prescott offers him the command, he having three days before been appointed a major-general by the Provincial Congress, he declines it, saying, "I come as a volunteer to serve under you, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience."

The peninsula where the struggle was to take

place was in full view across the calm waters of the harbor, and of the Charles and Mystic rivers, whose banks were lined with people, who with mournful and anxious hearts awaited the issue, while each house-top in the town was covered with eager spectators. From Copp's Hill, General Gage, with Burgoyne and Clinton, surrounded by troops, ready themselves to move at an instant's warning, watched the onset of his forces.

The champions are not unworthy of the arena in which they stand. To those who love the pomp and circumstance of war, the British troops present a splendid array. The brilliant light flashes back from the scarlet uniforms, the showy equipments, the glittering arms; and as they move, there is seen the effect of that discipline whose object is to put at the disposal of the one who commands the strength and courage of the thousands whom he leads. They are of the best and most tried troops of the British army; and some of the regiments have won distinguished honor on the battle-fields of Europe, in the same wars in which the colonies had poured out their blood on this side of the Atlantic in hearty and generous support of the British Crown. Their veteran officers are men who have seen service in Europe and America; and their younger officers, like Lord Rawdon and Lord Harris, bear names afterwards distinguished in the chronicles of British warfare. The second in command is Brigadier-General Pigot, slight in person, but known as an officer of spirit

and judgment ; and their leader, Major-General Howe, bears a name which has been loved and honored in America. The monument which Massachusetts reared in Westminster Abbey to his elder brother, Lord Howe, who fell while leading a column of British and Americans at Ticonderoga in 1758, still stands to inscribe his name among the heroes of England, whose fame is guarded and enshrined within that ancient pile. Above their lines waves the great British ensign, to which the colonies have always looked as the emblem of their country ; and with them is the "King's name," which even yet is a tower of strength in the land. As nearly as we can estimate, they number about four thousand men. General Gage's report indicates sufficiently that he does not intend to state the number engaged when he is compelled later to acknowledge the casualties of the day.

Upon the other side a different scene presents itself. As the battle is about to open, at the redoubt and upon its flanks are the troops of Massachusetts ; at the rail-fence are the troops of Connecticut and those of New Hampshire, with a few men of Massachusetts. How many there were in all cannot be determined with accuracy. Regiments that are frequently spoken of as being present at the engagement were represented by but weak detachments. Towards the close of the battle a few more arrive, but not more than enough to make the place good of the losses that have in the mean time occurred. No judgment can be

formed more accurate than that of Washington, who was so soon after with the army, when many of the circumstances were investigated, and whose mature and carefully considered opinion was that at no time upon our side were more than fifteen hundred men actually engaged.

As we look down the line, there are symptoms everywhere of determination; for such has been the confusion, and so little has been the command which, in their movements, the officers have been able to exercise, that no man is there who does not mean to be there. A few free colored men are in the ranks, who do good service; but it is a gathering almost exclusively of the yeomanry of New England, men of the English race and blood, who stand there that day because there has been an attempt to invade their rights as Englishmen, — rights guaranteed by their charters, and yet older than the Magna Charta itself. There are no uniforms to please the eye; but as the cowl does not make the monk, so the uniform does not make the soldier; and in their rustic garb they will show themselves worthy of the name before the day is done. No flag waves above their heads; for they are this day without a country, and they fight that they may have one, although they could not have dreamed that the emblem of its sovereignty should float as it now does over millions of freemen from the Atlantic to the far Pacific. The equipments and arms are of all descriptions; but those who carry them know their use, and all,

more or less skilled as marksmen, mean in their stern economy of powder, which is their worst deficiency, that every shot shall tell. There is little discipline; but it is not an unwarlike population. Among the men are scattered those who do not look for the first time on the battle-field; and in every man is that sense of individual responsibility and duty which to some extent takes the place of discipline, — that proud self-consciousness that animates those who know that their own right hands must work their own deliverance. Poorly officered in some respects, — for haste and bad management have put many important posts into inefficient hands, — there are also with them officers who from experience and ability might be well counted as leaders on any field. They are New England men, fully understanding those they command, and exercising an influence by force of their own characters, by their self-devotion and enthusiasm, which cause all around them to yield respectful and affectionate obedience.

Roughly done, the works they have hastily made are yet formidable, the weakest part being the imperfectly closed gap between the breastwork and the rail-fence.

At the rail-fence, and on the extreme left, is Stark, distinguished afterwards by the battle of Bennington; he has shown the quick eye and ready hand of the practised soldier by the celerity with which he has extended this line to the Mystic River. Knowlton is there also, still with the Con-

necticut men, as yet but little reinforced, whose resolute conduct of this day deserves the same eulogy which it received from Washington, when, a year later, he fell gloriously fighting on Harlem Heights at the head of his regiment, that "it would have been an honor to any country." General Putnam, an officer of tried courage and of energetic character, has come to share in the danger of the assault, now that it is evidently approaching, and is everywhere along this portion of the line, inspiring, encouraging, and sustaining the men. All these, like Pomeroy, are veteran soldiers, who have served in the wars with France and her savage allies; and it is a sundering of old ties to see the British flag upon the other side.

At the redoubt, sustained by Warren, stands the commander of the expedition which has fortified Breed's Hill. He has himself served in the provincial forces of Massachusetts, under the British flag, and that so bravely that he has been offered a commission in the regular army, but he has preferred the life of a farmer and magistrate in Middlesex. His large and extensive influence he has given to the patriotic cause, and he has been recognized from the first as one of those men qualified to command. Powerful in person, with an easy humor which has cheered and inspired with confidence all who are around him, he waits the issue with a calmness and courage that will not fail him in the most desperate moment. The hour that he has expected has come; and the gage of battle,

so boldly thrown down by the erection of the redoubt, has been lifted.

As the British army moved to the attack, it was in two wings,—the first arranged directly to assail the redoubt, and led by Pigot, while the other, commanded by General Howe in person, was divided into two distinct columns, one of which, composed of light infantry, was close to the bank of the river, and was intended to turn the extreme left of our line, and with the column in front of the rail-fence to drive the Americans from their position, and cut off the retreat of those in the redoubt.

In his account of the battle, General Burgoyne observes, "Howe's disposition was exceedingly soldier-like; in my opinion it was perfect." But the arrangements for the battle do not, in a military point of view, deserve such high commendation. It was clearly an error on the part of General Howe to divide his forces, and make two points of attack instead of one, and an equal error to move up and deploy his columns to fire, in which his troops were at obvious disadvantage from their want of protection, instead of making an assault without firing. He had failed also to recognize the weak point in the line between the breastwork and the rail-fence, easier to carry than any other point, and, if carried, more certain to involve the whole American force. He had sluggishly permitted the erection of the formidable fieldwork of the rail-fence, the whole of

which had been constructed without any interference subsequent to his arrival on the peninsula; nor, when it was constructed, does it seem to have occurred to him that by a floating battery or gunboat stationed in the Mystic River, it could have been enfiladed, and the force there dislodged at once.

As the British are seen to advance, the orders are renewed along the whole American line in a hundred different forms not to fire until the enemy are within ten or twelve rods, and then to wait for the word, to use their skill as marksmen, and to make every shot tell. For although those at the intrenchments and rail-fence act without immediate concert, the scarcity of powder, and the fact that they are without bayonets and can rely only upon their bullets, is known to all. It had been intended to cover the movement of the British by a discharge of artillery; but the balls were, by some mistake of the ordnance officer, found too large for the guns, and afterwards, when loaded with grape, it was found impossible to draw them through the miry ground, so that they afforded, in the first assault, no substantial assistance.

The forces of Pigot moved slowly forward, impeded by the heavy knapsacks they were encumbered with, and by the fences which divided the fields, and continued to fire as they thus advanced. As they got within gun-shot, although their fire had done but little damage, our men could

not entirely restrain their impatience; but as some fired, Prescott, sternly rebuking the disorder, appealed to their confidence in him, and some of his officers, springing upon the parapet, kicked up the guns that rested upon it, so that the men might be sure to wait. This efficient remonstrance had its effect; and the enemy met within ten or twelve rods of the eastern front of the breastworks when the voice of Prescott uttered the words for which every ear was listening, and the stream of fire, which, by its terrible carnage, checked at once the advance, broke from his line. The attacking lines were old troops, and well led; our fire was at once sternly returned, but they did not rush on, and in a few moments Pigot ordered his men, wavering and staggering under a fire which was murderous, while their own did little execution, to fall back.

In the mean time General Howe, after unsuccessfully endeavoring with a column of light infantry to turn the extreme left of our line on the Mystic, advanced with the grenadiers directly in front of the rail-fence; and, somewhat annoyed by the artillery between the breastwork and the rail-fence, which here, directed by Putnam, did its best service, Howe, as he approached within eighty or one hundred yards, deployed his forces into line. As at the redoubt, in eagerness, some of our men fired, when the officers threatened to cut down the first man who disobeyed; and thus rebuked, they restrained themselves until the prescribed distance was reached,

when their fire was delivered with such telling effect that, broken and disarranged, the attacking force, alike that directly in front and that upon the banks of the river, recoiled before it, while many of the British officers felt the deadly result of the superiority which the Americans possessed as marksmen.

Some minutes, perhaps fifteen, now intervene before the second assault, which are moments of enthusiastic joy in the American lines. All see that they are led by men capable of directing them, that they have rudely hurled back the first onset, and that they are not contending against those who are invincible. As they have seen their enemy turn, some of them at the rail-fence in their eagerness have sprung over it to pursue, but have been restrained by the wisdom of their officers. At the redoubt, Prescott, certain that the enemy will soon re-form and again attack, while he commends the men for their courage and congratulates them on their success, urges them to wait again for his order before they fire. Putnam hastens from the lines, his object being to forward reinforcements, and to arrange, if possible, a new line of defence at Bunker Hill, properly so called, where all was in confusion, the men who had reached there being for the most part entirely disorganized.

The horror of the bloody field is now heightened by the burning of the prosperous town of Charlestown. This had been threatened as early

as April 21 by General Gage, if the American forces occupied the town; and the patriotic inhabitants had informed General Ward that they desired him to conduct his military operations without regard to their safety. Complaining of the annoyance which the sharpshooters posted along the edges of the town gave to his troops on the extreme left, General Howe has requested that it be fired, which was done by the cannon from Copp's Hill. It may be also, as was afterwards said, that Howe was under the impression that his assaulting columns would be covered by the smoke. The smoke drifts, however, in the other direction: and the provincials behold without dismay a deed which indicates the ruthless mode in which the war is to be prosecuted. As the enemy advance to the second assault, their fire is more effective. At the redoubt, Colonels Buckminster, Brewer, and Nixon are wounded; Major Moore mortally. No general result is produced; and again, as they reach the distance prescribed, the fire of the Americans, directed simultaneously along the whole length of the line, alike of the redoubt and breastwork as well as the rail-fence, is even more destructive than before. Standing the first shock, the enemy continue to advance and fire still; but against so rapid and effective a wave as they now receive, it is impossible to hold their ground, and although their officers, themselves the worst sufferers, are seen frantically summoning them to their duty, all is in vain, — they are swept

back in complete confusion. General Howe, opposite the rail-fence, is in the fiercest and thickest; left almost alone, as his officers are struck down around him, he is borne along by the current of the retreat rather than directs it.

This time the repulse was terrific. "In front of our works," says Prescott, "the ground was covered with the killed and wounded, many of them within a few yards," while before the rail-fence "the dead," in the homely phrase of Stark, "lay thick as sheep in a fold." Disorder reigned in the British ranks; to stay the rout was for the moment impossible, as many of the companies had entirely lost their officers, and for a short time it seemed that they could not rally again. Had there been a reserve of fresh troops now to advance (which there might have been, had it been possible to organize the scattered detachments which had already reached Bunker Hill), or even proper support and reinforcement, the conflict would have ended by a victory so complete that perhaps it would have been accepted as putting an end to the British power in America.

Before the third assault some reinforcements reached the rail-fence, especially three Connecticut companies under Major Durkee, and a portion of Gardner's regiment from Middlesex, the colonel of which was killed during the engagement. A part of this regiment was detained by Putnam on his proposed work at Bunker Hill. The company of Josiah Harris, of Charlestown, took its post at the

extreme left of our line at the rail-fence, and won for its native town the honor, when the retreat commenced, of being the last to leave the field.

To the redoubt and breastwork no reinforcements came; and although the determined and remarkable man who conducted its defence may well have been disappointed at this failure, no word of discouragement escaped his lips. He knew well the duty which as an officer he owed his men, and at another time might have felt that he ought to retreat from a position, the chance of holding which was so slight; yet there was still a chance, and he comprehended fully that on that day it was not a question of strategy or manœuvre, but of the determination and courage of the American people in the assertion of their freedom, which was there bloodily debated. Calm and resolute, cheerful still in outward demeanor, he moved around his lines, assuring his men, "If we drive them back again, they cannot rally;" and inspired by their confidence in him, they answer enthusiastically, "We are ready."

No supplies of powder have been received, and there are not in his whole command fifty bayonets, so that if the fire shall slacken, and the enemy force their way through it, resistance is impossible. No man has over three rounds of ammunition, and many only two; and when a few artillery cartridges are discovered, the powder in them is distributed with the injunction that not a kernel should be wasted.

Discipline, which at such moments will always tell, in perhaps half an hour has done its work among the British troops; and no longer self-confident, but realizing the terrible work before them, the men are throwing off knapsacks for a final and desperate assault. Some have remonstrated; but Sir William, less attractive than his brother, General Lord Howe, less able than his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, who now bears the family title, is a stern soldier, and in personal courage and determination in no way unworthy of the martial race to which he belongs. He feels that his own reputation and that of the soldiers he commands is ruined forever if they sustain defeat at the hands of a band of half-armed rustics. Victory itself will now be attended with mortification enough, after such severe repulses and such terrible losses.

From the other side of the river General Clinton has seen the discomfiture, and, bringing some reinforcements, comes to aid in rallying the men. Howe has seen, too, what Clinton has also observed, the error of the former disposition of his force, and that the weak point of the American line is between the breastwork and the rail-fence. Towards this and against the redoubt and breastwork he now arranges his next attack. Cannon are brought to bear so as to rake the inside of the breastwork; and making a demonstration only against the rail-fence that may check any movement upon the flank of his troops, he divides them into three columns.

The two at the left are commanded respectively by Clinton and Pigot, while the right he leads in person. They are to assault together, — Clinton upon the left, at the southeastern angle, and Pigot upon the eastern front of the redoubt, while Howe's own force is to carry the breastwork, and striking between it and the rail-fence, bar the way of retreat. Against this formidable array no other preparation can be made by Prescott than to place at the angles of his redoubt the few bayonets at his disposal, and to direct that no man shall fire until the enemy are within twenty yards.

The fire of the British artillery, now rendered effective, sweeps the inside of the breastwork, and, no longer tenable, its defenders crowd within the redoubt. Again the voice of Prescott is heard, as the attacking columns approach and are now only twenty yards distant, giving the order to fire. So telling and deadly is the discharge that the front ranks are almost prostrated by it ; but as the fire slackens, the British columns, which have wavered for an instant, move steadily on without returning it. Almost simultaneously upon the three points which are exposed to the assault the enemy reach the little earthwork which so much brave blood has been spent to hold and to gain ; and while they are now so near that its sides already cover them, its commander, determined to maintain it to the last extremity, orders those of his men who have no bayonets to retire to the rear and fire upon the enemy as they mount the parapet.

Those who first ascend are shot down as they scale the works, among them Pitcairn, whose rashness (even if we give him the benefit of the denial he always made of having ordered his soldiers to fire at Lexington) still renders him responsible for the first shedding of blood in the strife. In a few moments, however, the redoubt is half filled by the storming columns; and although a fierce conflict ensues, it is too unequal for hope, and shows only the courage which animates the men, who, without bayonets, use the butts of their muskets in the fierce effort to stay the now successful assault. As the enemy are closing about the redoubt, if the force is to be extricated from capture, the word to retreat must be given; and reluctantly the brave lips which have hitherto spoken only the words of cheer and encouragement utter it at last. Already some are so involved that they hew their way through the enemy to join Prescott, and he himself is again and again struck at by the bayonet, of which his clothes give full proof afterwards, but defends himself with his sword, — the use of which he understands. As our forces leave the redoubt by the entrance on the northern side, they come between the two columns which have turned the breastwork, and the southeastern angle of the redoubt. These are, however, too much exhausted to use the bayonet effectually, and all are so mingled together that for a few moments the British cannot fire; but as our men extricate themselves,

the British re-form, and deliver a heavy fire upon them as they retreat.

In the mean time the attack has been renewed upon the rail-fence, but its defenders know well that if they would save their countrymen at the redoubt, they must hold it resolutely for a few moments longer, and they defend it nobly, resisting every attempt to turn the flank. They see soon that Prescott has left the hill, that the intrenchments are in the hands of the enemy at last; and, their own work gallantly done, they retreat in better order than could have been expected of troops who have so little organization, and who have looked for the first time on a battle-field. Upon the crest of Bunker Hill (properly so called) General Putnam, with the confused forces already there, gallantly struggles to organize a line and make a new stand, but without success. Our forces recross the neck and occupy Ploughed Hill, now Mount Benedict, at its head; but there is no disposition on the part of the British to pursue, for the terrible slaughter too well attests the price at which the nominal victory has been obtained.

The loss of the British, according to General Gage's account, was in killed and wounded 1,054; and it was generally believed that this was understated by him. There was inducement enough to do this; for so disastrous was his despatch felt to be that the government hesitated to give it to the public, until forced to do so by the taunts of those

who had opposed the war, and the methods by which it had been provoked.

Sir William Howe seemed to have borne that day a charmed life; for while ten officers of his staff were among the killed and wounded, he had escaped substantially uninjured. His white silk stockings, draggled with the crimson stain of the grass, wet with the blood of his men, attested that he had kept the promise made to them on the beach, that he should ask no man to go farther than he was prepared to lead.

On the American side, the loss, as reported by the Committee of Safety, was in killed and wounded 449, by far the larger part of these casualties occurring in the capture of the redoubt, and after the retreat had commenced. Prescott, who, in the hours that had passed since he left Cambridge, had done for the independence of his country work that the greatest might well be satisfied with doing in a lifetime, was unhurt; but Warren had fallen, than whom no man in America could have been more deeply deplored.

Massachusetts in her Congress, and the citizens of all the colonies, united in doing honor to his heroic self-sacrifice and pure, noble fame; but no eulogy was more graceful than that of Mrs. John Adams, herself one of the most interesting figures of the Revolution, or more touching than that of the warm-hearted Pomeroy, who lamented the caprice of that fortune which had spared him in

the day of battle, — an old war-worn soldier whose work was nearly done, — and taken Warren in the brightness of his youth, and with his vast capacity to serve his country. Yet for him, who shall say it was not well? There are many things in life dearer than life itself: honor in its true and noble sense, patriotism, duty, all are dearer; to all these he had been faithful. His position is forever among the heroes and martyrs of liberty; his reward forever in the affection of a grateful people. As the dead always bear to us the image which they last bore when on earth, and as by the subtile power of the imagination we summon before us the brave men who stood here for their country, that noble presence, majestic in its manly beauty, seems to rise again, although a hundred years are gone, with all the fire of his burning eloquence, with all the ardor of his patriotic enthusiasm, with all the loftiness of his generous self-devotion. So shall it seem to rise, although centuries more shall pass, to inspire his countrymen in every hour of doubt and trial with a valor and patriotism kindred to his own.

The story I have told, fellow-citizens, has been often related before you far more vividly; nor has it been in my power to add anything to the facts which patient and loving investigation has long since brought to light. Tested by the simple rule that whoever holds or gains the ground fought for wins the victory, the battle was, of course, a defeat for the provincial forces; but it was a defeat

that carried and deserved to carry with it all the moral consequences of a victory. As General Burgoyne gazed from Copp's Hill on the scene which he so graphically describes in a letter to Lord Stanley, he was saddened, he says, by "the reflection that perhaps a defeat would be a final loss to the British Empire in America;" but although the battle was in his eyes a victory, it was one which equally marked a loss to that Empire.

The lesson drawn from it was the same both in Europe and America. "England," wrote Franklin, "has lost her colonies forever;" and Washington, as he listened with intense interest to the narrative, and heard that the troops he was coming to command had not only withstood the fire of the regulars, but had again and again repulsed them, renewed his expressions of confidence in final success.

In England the news was received with mortification and astonishment; no loss so serious in proportion to the number engaged had ever been known; and in the excited debates of the Parliament it was afterwards alleged to have been caused by the misbehavior of the troops themselves. The charge was certainly unjust; for whatever may be thought of his own management, the troops he directed deserved the praise that General Gage gave them when he said, "British valor had never been more conspicuous than in this action." From his eyes the scales seemed to have fallen at last; and, closely beleaguered still, even after the victory he claimed to have won, he acknowledged

that the people of New England were not "the despicable rabble they had sometimes been represented," and recognized that an offensive campaign here was not possible.

The shrewd Count Vergennes, who, in the hour of the humiliation of France by the loss of her colonial possessions, had predicted that she would be avenged by those whose hands had largely wrought it, and that as the colonies no longer needed the protection of Great Britain, they would end by shaking off all dependence upon her, was now the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and keenly remarked that "if it won two more such victories as it had won at Bunker Hill, there would be no British army in America."

The battle of Bunker Hill consolidated the Revolution. Had the result been different; had it been shown that the hasty, ill-disciplined levies of New England could not stand before the troops of the King (or the ministerial troops, as our official documents called them); had the easy victory over them, which had been foolishly promised, been weakly conceded, — the cause of independence might have been indefinitely postponed. Nay, it is not impossible that armed resistance might for the time have ended, and that other colonies not so deeply involved in the contest might have extricated themselves, each making such terms as it pleased or as it could. But the coolness and splendid valor with which the best troops then known had been met, the repulses which they had

again and again encountered, the bloody and fearful cost at which they had finally carried the coveted point which their opponents yielded only when ammunition utterly failed, had shown that the yeomanry of New England were the true descendants of that race who, on the battle-fields of England, had stood against and triumphed over King Charles and his cavaliers. "New England alone," said John Adams, "can maintain this war for years." He was right; the divisions that existed elsewhere were practically unknown here: no matter what colonies hesitated or doubted, the path of New England was straightforward, and her goal was independence. While her colonies deferred to the Continental Congress the form of general government which should be adopted, each had taken into its own hands all the powers that rightfully belong to sovereign States, and exercised them through its provincial Congress and its committees. Heartily desiring and eagerly looking forward to a union of the colonies, she had settled that in her local affairs she was competent to govern herself: this she had maintained that day in arms, and her period of vassalage was over.

Willingly would I pursue the theme further, but the limits which custom prescribes for an address of this nature are too narrow to permit this. You know well the years of doubt, anxiety, and struggle that succeeded; but, before we part, something should be said of those that have passed since their triumphant close.

I have forborne to speak of the causes which led to the American Revolution. They have recently been so carefully and ably analyzed by the distinguished orators who aided in the celebrations at Concord and Lexington that I have preferred to devote a few moments to a consideration of some of its effects, for it is by its effects that the propriety and wisdom of such a movement in human affairs must always be eventually tested.

That the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States has been to us, since our independence was finally achieved, the great event of the century, must be universally conceded. It was the great good fortune and the crowning triumph of the statesmen who guided us through the Revolution, that they lived long enough to embody its results in a permanent and durable form; for it is proverbially harder to secure the fruits of a victory than to win the victory itself. Many a day of triumph upon the field has been but a day of carnage and of empty glory, barren in all that was valuable; and the victories that have been won upon the political field are no exceptions to the rule, of which history teems with illustrations.

Our ancient ally, whose services during the last years of our war were of so much value to our exhausted treasury and armies, and whose gift of the generous and chivalric Lafayette at its opening was almost equally precious, passed a few years later through her own desperate struggle; yet although that fierce tide swept in a sea of fire

and blood over all the ancient institutions of the monarchy, how impossible it has proved to this day for France to supply the place of the government which it so sternly overthrew with one thoroughly permanent, giving peace and security! Republic, Directory, Consulate, Empire, Kingdom, have each had their turn; dynasty after dynasty, faction after faction, have asserted their sway over her.

For a government under the constitutions of the several States, and under that of the United States, this people was prepared alike by its previous history and by that which followed its separation from Britain. It was the legitimate outgrowth of experience, and not a government framed, like those of the Abbé Sieyès at the end of their Revolution, for the French, by the aid of philosophic speculation, and on the basis of that which should be, and not of that which was. While the colonies, by means of their representative and legislative systems, had been accustomed to deal with their local affairs, and impose their local taxation, and had successfully resisted the attempt to interfere with these rights, yet, from the relation they had also been accustomed to sustain towards Great Britain, it was not to them a novel idea that two governments, each complete and supreme within its sphere, might co-exist, — the one controlling the local affairs of each individual State, while the other exercised its powers over all the States in their intercourse with each other and with foreign nations.

Painfully conscious of their weakness, the desire

for a union of all had gone hand in hand with the desire of each to preserve its own separate organization. The first Continental Congress had not exercised political authority; it had assembled only on behalf of the United Colonies to petition and remonstrate against the various arbitrary acts of the British government. Those which succeeded, however, with patriotic courage had boldly seized the highest powers; yet as they could exercise such powers only so far as each State gave its assent and sustained them, the necessary result followed that their decrees were often feebly executed, and sometimes utterly disregarded. Later in the war the Confederation had been established, by which it had been sought to fix more definitely the relation of the States by giving more determinate authority to the Congress, and thereby to rescue the country from the financial ruin which had overtaken it.

But the powers of the Congress of the Confederation, like those of the Continental Congress, were such as were consistent only with a league of sovereign and independent States, and were in their exercise less efficacious, because they had been carefully defined and limited. The Confederation did not constitute a government; it did not assume to act upon the people, but upon the several States; and upon them no means existed of enforcing its requisitions and decrees, or of compelling them to the performance of the treaties it might make or the obligations it might incur.

Among allied powers, from the nature of the case, there is no mode of enforcing the agreement of alliance except by war.

The great work of achieving independence had, however, been completed by the Confederation in spite of all its weakness and inherent defects. These were, however, more clearly seen when the sense of an immediate and common danger, and the cohesive pressure of war, were withdrawn. A mere aggregation of States could not take its place among the peoples of the world. A national sovereignty was needed, capable of establishing a financial system of its own, of raising money for its own support by taxation, of establishing regulations of trade, of forming treaties with sufficient power to execute them, of insuring order in every State, of bringing each State into proper relations with the others, and able, if need be, to declare war or maintain peace, — a sovereignty which should act directly on the people themselves in the exercise of all its rightful powers, and not through the intervention of the States.

The years of unexampled depression which followed peace with Britain were not attributable only to the exhaustion of war : the impossibility of establishing a financial or a commercial system, the sense of insecurity that prevailed, paralyzed industry and enterprise. Already jarrings and contests between the several States presaged the danger which had destroyed the republics of Greece and those of Italy during the Middle Ages;

already civil discord, which, although suppressed, had thrown the State temporarily into confusion, had made its appearance in Massachusetts; already doubts began to be expressed, even by some who had been ardent in the patriotic cause, whether it had been wise to separate from a government which, even if monarchical, was strong and able to defend and protect its subjects; and it had come to be realized that there must be somewhere a controlling power competent to maintain peace between the States, and to guarantee to each the security of its own government.

The Convention which met at Philadelphia in 1787 gave these States a government, and made them a nation; and while I know to what is impersonal there is wanting much of the ardor that personal loyalty inspires, yet so far as there may be warmth in the devotion we cherish for an institution, it should awaken at the mention of the Constitution of the United States. The noble preamble declares by whom it is made, and defines its purposes: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." In the largest measure it has fulfilled these objects; and the judgment and far-seeing wisdom with which its founders met the

difficulties before them more and more challenges our admiration as the years advance and the Republic extends.

Formed by men who differed widely in their views, — some who clung resolutely still to the idea that it was dangerous to the liberties of the States to constitute an efficient central power, and others who, like Hamilton, preferred a consolidated government whose model should be the British Constitution, — it might easily have been that a government so framed should have been a patchwork of incongruities, whose discordant and irreconcilable provisions would have revealed alternately the influence of either opinion. Yet, differing although they did, they were statesmen still; and, educated in the rough school of adversity and trial, they realized that a government must be constructed capable alike of daily efficient practical operation, and of adapting itself to the constantly varying exigencies in which sovereign States must act. How doubtful they were of their success, how nobly they succeeded in the government they made, to-day we know.

We have seen its vast capacity for expansion as it has received State after State under the shield on which are emblazoned the arms of the Union, as it has arisen in what was on the day of its formation the untrodden wilderness, and advanced to the blessings of liberty and civilization; we have recognized the flexibility it possesses in leaving to States materially differing in local charac-

teristics and interests the control and management of their immediate affairs; and we have known its capacity to vindicate itself in the wildest storm of civil commotion.

Let us guard this Union well; for as upon it all that is glorious in the past is resting, so upon it all our hopes in the future are founded. Let us demand of those who are to administer its great powers purity, disinterestedness, devotion to well-settled, carefully considered principles and convictions. Let us cherish the homely but manly virtues of the men who for it met the storm of war in behalf of a government and a country; let us conserve their simple faith in what was just and right, a faith that found its root in their unswerving belief in something higher than mere human guidance. Let us encourage that universal education, that diffusion of knowledge, which everywhere oppose themselves as barriers, steadily and firmly, alike to plunder and fraud, to disorder and turbulence. Above all, let us strive to maintain and renew the fraternal feeling which should exist between all the States of the Union.

We will not pretend that the trial through which we have passed has faded either from our hearts or our memories; yet no one will, I trust, believe that I would rudely rake open the smouldering embers that all would gladly wish to see extinguished forever, or that, deeply as I feel our great and solemn obligations to those who preserved and defended the Union, I would speak one word except with

respect and in kindness even to those who assailed it, and who have now submitted to its power.

In the Union two classes of States had their place, differing radically in this, that in the one the system of slavery existed. It was a difficulty which the fathers could not eliminate from the problem before them. They dealt with it with all the wisdom and foresight they possessed. Strongly impressed with a belief in the equal rights of man, — for their discussions had compelled them to deal with fundamental principles, — they were not so destitute of philosophy that they did not see that what they demanded for themselves should be accorded to others; and believing that the whole system would fade before the noble influence of free government, as a dark cloud melts and drifts away, they watched, and with jealous care, that the instrument they signed should bear no trace of the existence of slavery. It was not thus to be; and the system has passed away in the tempest of battle and amid the clang of arms.

The conflict is over, the long subject race is restored to liberty, and the nation has had "under God a new birth of freedom." No executions, no harsh punishments, have sullied the conclusion; day by day the material evidences of war fade from our sight; the bastions sink to the level of the ground which surrounded them; scarp and counterscarp meet in the ditch which divided them. So let them pass away forever. The contest is marked distinctly only by the changes in the organic laws

of the Constitution, which embody in more definite forms the immortal truths of the Declaration of Independence. That these include more than its logical and necessary results cannot fairly be contended. Did I believe that they embraced more than these, did I find in that great instrument any changes which should place or seek to place one State above another, or above another class of States, so as to mark a victory of sections or localities, I could not rejoice, for I should know that we had planted the seeds of "unnumbered woes."

To-day it is the highest duty of all, no matter on what side they were, but, above all, of those who have struggled for the preservation of the Union, to strive that it become one of generous confidence, in which all the States shall, as of old, stand shoulder to shoulder, if need be, against the world in arms. Towards those with whom we were lately in conflict, and who recognize that the results are to be kept inviolate, there should be no feeling of resentment or bitterness. To the necessity of events they have submitted; to the changes in the Constitution they have assented. We cannot and we do not think so basely or so meanly of them as to believe that they have done so except generously and without mental reservation.

We know that it is not easy to readjust all the relations of society when one form is suddenly swept away; that the sword does its work rudely, and not with that gradual preparation which attends the changes of peace. We realize that there

are difficulties and distrusts not to be removed at once between those who have been masters and slaves; yet there are none which will not ultimately disappear. All true men are with the South in demanding for her peace, order, honest and good government, and encouraging her in the work of rebuilding all that has been made desolate. We need not doubt the issue; she will not stand as the "Niobe of nations," lamenting her sad fate; she will not look back to deplore a past which cannot and should not return; but with the fire of her ancient courage she will gird herself up to the emergencies of her new situation, she will unite her people by the bonds of that mutual confidence which their mutual interests demand, and renew her former prosperity and her rightful influence in the Union.

Fellow-citizens, we stand to-day on a great battle-field in honor of the patriotism and valor of those who fought upon it. It is the step which they made in the world's history we would seek to commemorate; it is the example which they have offered us we would seek to imitate. The wise and thoughtful men who directed the Revolution knew well that it is by the wars which personal ambition has stimulated, by the armies whose force has been wielded alike for domestic oppression or foreign conquest, that the sway of despots has been so widely maintained. They had no love for war or any of its works, but they were ready to meet its dangers in their attachment to the cause of civil

and religious liberty. They desired to found no Roman republic, whose banners, "fanned by conquest's crimson wing," should float victorious over prostrate nations, but one where the serene beauty of the arts of peace should put to shame the strifes that have impoverished peoples and degraded nations. To-day let us rejoice in the liberty which they have gained for us; but let no utterances but those of peace salute our ears, no thoughts but those of peace animate our hearts.

Above the plains of Marathon, even now, as the Grecian shepherd watches over his flocks, he fancies that the skies sometimes are filled with lurid light, and that in the clouds above are re-enacted the scenes of that great day when, on the field below, Greece maintained her freedom against the hordes who had assailed her. Again seem to come in long array, rich with "barbaric pearl and gold," the turbaned ranks of the Persian host; and the air is filled with the clang of sword and shield, as again the fiery Greek seems to throw himself upon and drive before him his foreign invader, — although all are but shadows that flit in wild, confused masses along the spectral sky.

Above the field where we stand, even in the wildest dream, may no such scenes offend the calmness of the upper air, but may the stars look forever down upon prosperity and peace, upon the bay studded with its white-winged ships, upon the populous and far-extending city, with its marts of commerce, its palaces of industry, its temples,

where each man may worship according to his own conscience; and as the continent shall pass beneath their steady rays, may the millions of happy homes attest a land where the benign influence of free government has brought happiness and contentment, where labor is rewarded, where manhood is honored, and where virtue and religion are revered!

Peace forever with the great country from which the day we commemorate did so much rudely to dissever us! If there were in that time, or if there have been since, many things which we could have wished otherwise, we can easily afford to let them pass into oblivion. But we do not forget in the struggle of the Revolution how many of her statesmen stood forth to assert the justice of our cause, and to demand for us the rights of which we had been deprived until the celebrated address was passed which declared that the House of Commons would consider as enemies to the King and country all those who would further attempt the prosecution of a war on the continent of America for the purpose of reducing the American colonies to obedience.

From her we have drawn the great body of laws which, modified and adapted to our different situation, protect us to-day in our property, its descent, possession, and transmission, and which guard our dearer personal rights by the *habeas corpus* and the trial by jury. They were our countrymen who from the days of King John to those

of George III. have made of England a land in which "freedom has broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent."

It was she that placed her foot upon the "divine right of kings," and solemnly maintained that governments exist only by consent of the governed. when in 1688 she changed the succession to the British Crown, and caused her rulers to reign thereafter by a statute of Parliament.

From her we learned the great lessons of constitutional liberty which as against her we resolutely asserted. There was no colony of any other kingdom of Europe that would have dreamed of demanding as rights those things which our fathers deemed their inheritance as Englishmen, none that would not have yielded unhesitatingly to any injunction of the parent State. Whatever differences have been or may hereafter come, let us remember still that we are the only two great distinctly settled free governments, and that the noble English tongue which we speak alike is "the language of freemen throughout the world."

Above all, may there be peace forever among the States of this Union! "The blood spilt here," said Washington, "roused the whole American people, and united them in defence of their rights; that Union will never be broken." Prophecies may be made to work their own fulfilment; and whatever may have been our trials and our difficulties, let us spare no effort that this prophecy shall be

realized. Achieving our independence by a common struggle, endowed to-day with common institutions, we see even more clearly than before that the States of this Union have before them a common destiny.

We have commenced here in Massachusetts the celebration of that series of events which made of us a nation; and let each, as it approaches in the centennial cycle, serve to kindle anew the fires of patriotism. Let us meet on the fields where our fathers fought, and where they lie, whether they fell with the stern joy of victory irradiating their countenances, or in the gloomy hours of disaster and defeat, — alike in remembrance of Saratoga and Yorktown, and of the dreary winter of Valley Forge, at Trenton and Princeton, and at the spots immortalized in the bloody campaign of the Jerseys, at King's Mountain and Charleston, at Camden and Guilford Court House, and along the track of the steadily fighting, slowly retreating Greene through the Carolinas.

Above all, at the city from which went forth the Declaration that we were, and of right ought to be, a free and independent nation, let us gather, and, by the sacred memories of the great departed, pledge ourselves to transmit untarnished the heritage they have left us.

The soldiers of the Revolution are gone; the statesmen who embodied their work in the Constitution of the United States have passed away. With them, too, sleep those who in the earlier

days watched the development of this wondrous frame of government.

The mighty master of thought and speech,[1] by whose voice fifty years ago was dedicated the Monument at whose base we stand, and whose noble argument that the Constitution is not a compact, but a law, by its nature supreme and perpetual, won for him the proud name of the Expounder of the Constitution, rests with those whose work he so nobly vindicated, happy at least that his eyes were not permitted to behold the sad sight of States "discordant and belligerent," and a land "drenched in fraternal blood."

The lips of him[2] who twenty-five years ago commemorated this anniversary with that surpassing grace and eloquence all his own, and with that spirit of pure patriotism in which we may strive at least to imitate him, are silent now. Throughout the cruel years of war that clarion voice, sweet yet far-resounding, summoned his countrymen to the struggle on which our Union depended; yet the last time that it waked the echoes of the ancient hall dedicated to liberty, even while the retiring storm yet thundered along the horizon, it was to speak words of love and charity to the distressed people of the South.

But although they have passed beyond the veil which separates the unseen world from mortal gaze, the lessons which they have left remain, adjuring us, whatever may have been the perils, the

[1] Daniel Webster. [2] Edward Everett.

discords, the sorrows of the past, to struggle always for that "more perfect Union" ordained by the Constitution. Here, at least, however poor and inadequate for an occasion that rises so vast and grand above us our words may be, none shall be uttered that are not in regard and love to all of our fellow-citizens, no feelings indulged except those of anxious desire for their prosperity and happiness.

Besides those of New England, we are gratified to-day by the presence of military organizations from New York and Pennsylvania, from Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina, as well as by that of distinguished citizens from these and other States of the Union. Their fathers were ancient friends of Massachusetts; it was the inspiration they gave which strengthened the heart and nerved the arm of every man of New England. In every proper and larger sense the soil upon which their sons stand to-day is theirs as much as ours; and wherever there may have been estrangement, here at least we have met upon common ground. They unite with us in recognition of the great principles of civil and religious liberty, and in pious memory of those who vindicated them; they join with us in the wish to make of this regenerated Union a power grander and more august than its founders dared to hope.

Standing always in generous remembrance of every section of the Union, neither now nor hereafter will we distinguish between States or sections

in our anxiety for the glory and happiness of all. To-day upon the verge of the centuries, as together we look back upon that which is gone, in deep and heartfelt gratitude for the prosperity so largely enjoyed by us, so together will we look forward serenely and with confidence to that which is advancing. Together will we utter our solemn aspirations in the spirit of the motto of the city which now encloses within its limits the battle-field and the town for which the battle was fought: "As God was to our fathers, so may he be to us!"

ORATION

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 17, 1877.

Mr. Mayor, Fellow-Citizens, and Comrades, — On the anniversary of a day thrice memorable, as that of the first settlement of this town in 1630; as that of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States in 1789; as that of a great battle fought for the Union on the soil of Maryland in 1862 (the victorious commander in which is to-day among our most honored and illustrious guests), — we have assembled to dedicate this Monument to the memory of the brave who fell in that great conflict, which, commencing for the unity of the government, broadened and deepened into one for the equal rights of all men. Before we part, some words should be spoken seeking to express, however inadequately, our gratitude to those to whom it is devoted. Yet our ceremonial will be but vain and empty if its outward acts are not the expressions of feelings deeper than either acts or words. Its true dedication is to be found in the emotions which have been kindled by the occasion itself, and to which every heart has yielded. Here, in this city, the capital of Massachusetts, — a State from which more than

sixty gallant regiments were sent to the field under the inspiration of her illustrious Governor, who now himself sleeps with those whom he sent forth to battle, — we seek to surrender by this solemn act, from the age that is passing to the ages that are coming, for eternal memory and honor, the just fame of those who have died for the Union.

This is no Monument to the glories of war. While great changes for good have been wrought, and great steps taken towards liberty and civilization, by the convulsive energies exhibited in wars, these are but exceptions to the great rule that of all the causes which have degraded nations, opposed human progress, and oppressed industry, war has been one of the worst. If this were the object of this memorial, it were better far that the stones which compose it had slumbered in their native quarries. No pomp and circumstance, no waving of banners, no dancing of plumes, can lend to war true dignity. This is to be found alone in a great and noble cause.

Nor is this a Monument to valor only. There is something honorable in the true soldier, who, resolutely hazarding life, stands for the flag he follows; but there is that which is higher and nobler here. Among the finest monuments of Europe is that which is found in the beautiful valley of Lucerne, to the memory of the Swiss Guard who fell around Louis XVI., when the furious mob had stormed his palace. Placed in a niche of the limestone cliff, of which it forms

a part, a lion pierced with a spear still holds in his death-grip the shield on which are carved the arms of the Bourbons. Few works of art are more majestic, or more fully show the hand of the master. It is courage only that it honors; and you wonder at the power which has so ennobled and dignified it, when the great idea of patriotism was wanting. The Swiss, whom it commemorates, simply did bravely the work which they had contracted to do, when the subjects of the king, whose bread they had eaten, and whose wine they had drank, deserted him. The men whom we commemorate were brave as these, yet their place in history is not with them. It is with the soldiers of liberty, who with patriotic devotion have fallen a willing sacrifice for their country. It is with the Swiss who, at Sempach or Morgarten, in defence of their own freedom, broke the power of the House of Austria, and not with the mercenaries whom they sent to fight the battles of Europe.

The sentiment of this Monument is patriotism. The men whom it honors were soldiers, courageous to the death; but it is their cause which sets them apart for just honor and commendation among the millions who have laid down their lives upon the battle-field. Patriotism such as theirs is the highest of civic virtues, the noblest form of heroism. Those who perilled their lives in obedience to its promptings could gain no more than those who remained at home in inglorious

ease; and yet they laid aside their hopes of comfort, to die for us. That the government they had lived under might be preserved, that the just and equal rights of all men might be maintained, they encountered disease, danger, and death, in all the horrid forms in which they present themselves to every one who takes his place in the ranks of an army, with the solemn belief that in no other way could they discharge the obligation imposed upon them by their birthright as citizens of a free country. Whatever might be its difficulties and dangers, their path was so clearly indicated that they deemed they could not err in following it. When they fought and fell, they could not know but that their efforts would be in vain, and the great flag, the symbol of our united sovereignty, be rent asunder; but they were ready to risk all, and to dare all, in the effort to deserve success.

They were animated by no fierce fire of ambition, no desire to exalt themselves, no expectation of attaining those rewards which are gained by great chieftains. They had no such hopes. They knew well that all the honor they could obtain was that general meed of praise awarded to all who serve faithfully, but which would not separate them from others who had been brave and true. No doubt, as the blood of youth was high in their veins, they looked forward in some instances to the stern joy of the conflict; but beyond and above its tempest, fire, and

smoke, they beheld and strove for the great objects of the contest.

To-day they have seemed to come again as when they moved out in serried lines, with the flag which they went to defend waving above their heads. Again we have seemed to see them, their faces lighted with patriotic enthusiasm; and we have recalled the varied scenes of their stern and manly service, which was to end in a soldier's death for the country to which they had devoted themselves, — in each and every fortune patient and determined, staining their cause with no weakness or cowardice, dishonoring it by no baseness or cruelty.

When we reflect how little our system of education is calculated to adapt men to the restraints of military service, how inconsistent its largeness and freedom is with that stern control which necessarily marks a system intended to give to a single mind the power which is embodied in thousands of men, we may well wonder at the ready submission which was always given to its exactions. To some the possession of marked military qualities, adapting them to control others, gave prominence; to some mere accidents of time or circumstance may have given high commands, while others, not less worthy, filled only their places, and did their duty in the ranks. But those who led must often have felt that their highest desire should be to be worthy of the devotion of those who followed. The distinctions necessary to discipline have long since

passed away. Side by side, on fields bought by their blood, "no useless coffins around their breasts," but wrapped in the blanket which is the soldier's martial shroud, awaiting the coming of the Eternal Day, they rest together.

What matter is it when men have given their utmost in intellect, strength, and courage and their blood to the last drop, whether they fell with the stars of the general, the eagles of the colonel, on their shoulders, or in the simple jacket of the private? Wherever "on fame's eternal camping-ground their silent tents are spread," in the tangled wildwood, in the stately cemetery, or in nameless graves not even marked by the word "unknown," the earth that bears them dead bears not alive more true or noble men. To-day we remember them all, without regard to rank or race, seeking to honor those whom we cannot by name identify.

If we do not commend patriotism such as these men exhibited, to whom are we to turn in the hour of danger which may come to those who are to succeed us, as it did to ourselves? Lessons such as they have given are not to be idly neglected when the time is gone when their services have ceased to be of immediate value. We shall not need to go to Marathon and Platea for examples, whose brethren have shed their blood on fields as fiercely contested as those; and it would be idle to go anywhere for examples, unless in rendering homage to the valor and patri-

otism displayed by our brethren, we seek to reconsecrate ourselves to the same virtues. Every instinct of justice calls upon us for the appropriate meed of praise; every suggestion of wisdom counsels that we omit no opportunity to instil into others the admiration with which these deeds are regarded. The fables of romance, which, in some form, each nation of Europe has, that in great emergencies their illustrious chiefs will return again to rescue them, are not altogether myths. To each people that loves bravery and patriotism come again in their hour of trial the old heroic souls, although the form and garb they wear is of their age and time.

The time for natural tears has passed. To every heart the years have brought their new store of joys and sorrows since these men made their great sacrifice for country. The structure that we have reared stands to honor, and not to mourn, the dead. So shall it stand when we in our turn are gone, to teach its lesson of duty nobly done, at the expense of life itself, to those who are in turn to take upon themselves the duties of life.

Those whose names it honors were known and loved by us, and are not to be recalled but with that manly sorrow born of respect and love. There are those also to whom they were even nearer and dearer than to us, who knew them as comrades, whose homes are forever darkened by the absence of the light of affection which their

presence shed around them. But the age comes swiftly on which is to know them only by their deeds. We commend them to the grave and impartial tribunal of history as patriotic and devoted citizens; we invoke the considerate judgment of the world upon the justice of their cause; we renew and reiterate the assertion that there was a solemn duty laid upon them by their time, their place, their country, and that such duty they met and performed. To them, as to the Spartans who fell around their king in stern defence of the liberties of Greece, changing but the name of the battle-field, apply the words which Simonides uttered:

> "Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
> Glorious the doom and beautiful the lot,
> Their tomb an altar, men from tears refrain,
> Honor and praise, but mourn them not."

Although this Monument may often be passed as a thing of custom, although the lesson which it teaches may seem to be forgotten, yet in the hour of trial, if it is to come to others as it came to us, this Monument will be freshly remembered. As in the Roman story which tells of Hannibal, the mightiest enemy Rome ever knew, it is related that his father, Hamilcar, himself a chieftain and a warrior, whose renown has been eclipsed by that of his greater son, brought him when a child of nine years old into the Temple of the Gods, that he might lift his little hands to swear eternal hostility to the tyranny of Rome, — so shall those who suc-

ceed us come here to swear hostility, not to one grasping power only, but to every tyranny that would enslave the body or enchain the mind of man, and eternal devotion to the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

Nor is this Monument, while it asserts our belief in the fidelity of these men, in any sense unkind or ungenerous towards those with whom they were engaged in deadly strife. It bears no words of boasting or unseemly exultation; and the assertion of the justice of our cause, though firmly made, is yet not made in any harsh or controversial spirit. We recognize fully that those with whom we warred were our countrymen; we know their valor and determination; we know that no foot of ground was yielded to us until to hold it became impossible, and that they resisted until men and means utterly and hopelessly failed. Whatever we may think of their cause, that as a people they believed in it cannot fairly be questioned. Men do not sacrifice life and property without stint or measure except in the faith that they are right. Upon individuals we may charge unreasonable temper, intolerance, passion, and the promptings of a selfish and ill-regulated ambition; but the whole body of a people do not act from motives thus personal, and have a right to have their bravery and sincerity admitted, even if more cannot be conceded.

The great conflict was fought out and the victory won which has established forever, if the force of

arms can establish anything, that the Republic is one and indivisible; and amid the roar of battle and the clash of arms, the institution of slavery which divided us as a nation, which made of the States two classes diverse and discordant, has passed away. Perhaps if we had fully known all that it was to cost, both at the North and South, we should have hesitated more than we did before engaging in a strife so deadly and terrible. Yet as we consider all the woes which must have followed the dismemberment of the Union, as we contemplate the vast gain for peace, freedom, and equality by the emancipation of the subject race from slavery and the dominant race itself from the corrupting influence of this thraldom, who shall say that we have any right to deplore the past except with mitigated grief? We are yet too near the events through which we were swept upon the bloody currents of the war to appreciate their full extent and magnitude, or all the consequences which are to flow from them. We know already that we enter upon a higher plane of national life, when it is established that there are no exceptions to the great rules of liberty among men, and that each is entitled to the just rewards of his labor and the position to which his talents, ability, and virtue entitle him. As we stand here in memory of our gallant dead, we urge upon all who have contended with them to unite with us in the effort to make of our new and regenerated gov-

ernment, purified by the fires of our civil conflict, a republic more noble and more august than its founders had dared to hope.

Among all patriotic men there is everywhere an earnest desire that there shall be full peace and reconciliation between the sections of the Union. Whatever may have been former divisions, there is nothing in the events of the past, there is nothing in the present condition of things, which should forbid this. We can stand, firmly and securely stand, upon that which has been definitely settled by the war. Ours was not a mere conflict of dynasties, or of families, like the English Wars of the Roses, in which the great Houses of York and Lancaster disputed for the English Crown. It was a great elemental conflict, in which two opposite systems of civilization were front to front and face to face. It was necessary that one or the other should conquer, and that it should be settled whether the continent should be all free or all slave. Yet the history of civil wars demonstrates that the widest and saddest differences of religion, the most radical differences as to the form of government, have not prevented firm union when the cause of dissension was obliterated.

Now that it is determined that the Union is to exist, it must be rendered one of mutual respect and regard, as well as of mutual interest. Unless this is the case, there is no cohesive pressure of either internal or external force strong enough

to maintain it. There must have been a party victorious and a party vanquished; but there is no true victory anywhere unless the conclusion is for the interest of each and all. It is not the least of the just claims that the American Revolution has upon the friends of liberty everywhere that while it terminated in the dismemberment of the British Empire, it left the English a more free people than they would have been but for its occurrence. It settled for them more firmly the great safeguards of English liberty in the right of the *habeas corpus*, the trial by jury, and the great doctrine that representation must accompany taxation. We speak of it as the victory of Adams and Jefferson, but it was not less that of Chatham and Burke.

I should deem the war for the Union a failure, I should think the victory won by these men who have died in its defence barren, if it should not prove in every larger sense won for the South as well as the North; if it should not be shown that it is better for her that the contest against its rightful authority failed.

It is not to be expected that opinion will be changed by edicts, even when those edicts are maintained by force. The changes of opinion must be gradual, and must be the effect of that time which enables feeling to subside and the judgment to act. Already there are brave and reflecting men who fought against us who do not hesitate to acknowledge that the end was well for them as

for us, and who look forward hopefully to better results than could have been expected from a Confederacy which, if it had been founded, would have been at the mercy of each individual State. Nor is there any one bold enough to say, now that the system of slavery is destroyed, that he would raise a hand or lift a finger to replace it. That the cause for which they have suffered so much will still be dear to those who fought for it, or with whom it is associated by tender and affectionate recollections of those whom they loved, who fell in its defence, is to be expected. To such sentiments and feelings it is a matter of indifference whether there is defeat or success. They would exist, indeed, even if the reason and judgment should concede the cause to have been unwise. Certainly, we ourselves, had the war for the Union failed, would not the less have believed it just and necessary, nor the less have honored the memory of those engaged in it. When results are accepted cordially, we can ask no more until the softening influences of time have done their work.

On the fields which were ploughed by the fierce artillery the wheat has been dancing fresh and fair in the breezes of the summer that is gone; and as the material evidences of the conflict pass away, so let each feeling of bitterness disappear, as together, both North and South, we strive to render the Republic one whose firm yet genial sway shall protect with just and equal laws each citizen who

yields obedience to her power. Asking for ourselves no rights that we do not freely concede to others, demanding no restraints upon others that we do not readily submit to ourselves, yielding a generous obedience to the Constitution in all its parts, both new and old, let us endeavor to lift ourselves to that higher level of patriotism which despises any narrow sectionalism, and rejoices in a nationality broad enough to embrace every section of the Union, and each one of its people, whether high or humble, rich or poor, black or white.

There is no division to-day among the States of the Union such as existed when the Constitution was formed. In each and all the great principles of liberty and equal rights are the same, to be alike respected as the only basis upon which the government can stand. Whatever may have been the sorrows or the losses of the war, there is no sorrow that cannot find its recompense in the added grandeur and dignity of the whole country.

Comrades, — It is the last time that we, who have marched under the flag, and been the soldiers of the Union in its mortal struggle, shall gather in such numbers as meet to-day. We are an army to whom can come no recruits. The steady, resistless artillery of time hurls its deadly missiles upon us, and each hour we are fewer and weaker. But as we stand together thus, as we remember how nobly and bravely life's work was done by these men

whom we have sought to commemorate, let us believe that the tie which binds us to them in a great and holy cause is not wholly dissolved. Their worldly task is done; their solemn oath, which we took side by side with them, is performed. For us life brings each day its new duties and new responsibilities.

In the classic mythology, which was the religion of the ancient world, it was fabled that the heroes were demi-gods. Raised above the race of man, and yet not so far but that their example might be imitated, they served to animate those who yet struggled with their mortal surroundings. So should these, our heroes, while the dust of life's conflict is yet on us, inspire us to loftier purposes and nobler lives. And as we leave them to their glorious repose and their pure and noble fame, let us go forth exalted by these hours of communion with them.

Above them, as we depart, we utter the ancient form of words, and yet in no formal way, which conclude the proclamations of the State whose children they were: "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" And to this we add, with not less of fervor or solemnity, the prayer which was in their hearts and upon their lips as they died: "God save the Union of the American States!"

ADDRESS

AT THE COMMEMORATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST PARISH CHURCH OF CHARLESTOWN, NOVEMBER 12, 1882.

The occasion has been one of the greatest interest; while I have listened with pleasure and instruction, I could have wished that it might have passed without any words from me, — not, certainly, that I would fail in anything that could do honor to the founders of this church, but that I feel how little I can utter worthy of the occasion.

The anniversary of this church is inextricably connected with that of the First Church of Boston. It is not so much an outgrowth, or an offshoot, as one of its integral parts; while its formal organization dates from 1632, its real organization is that of the church formed here in 1630. The charter of the Massachusetts Company had been transformed by a large latitude of construction, and by a yet larger latitude had been deemed to authorize the foundation of a colony which was to govern itself. A State was to be founded here which was to rest upon the rock of the Church. While the immigrants were houseless, scattered

around this hill, seeking to satisfy the most simple and necessary wants, yet spiritual needs must be satisfied first. We stand upon the hill upon which they stood, — almost, it may be, upon the very spot. It was here, too, that the Court of Assistants first met, and the political life of the colony commenced almost contemporaneously with that of the church. Clearly, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, "ours is not the frigid philosophy which would conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue;" and the place where we stand may well inspire us with elevated thought and solemn reflection as we contemplate these men and their work, aided as we have been by the noble commemorative discourse of the afternoon, and the interesting historical paper of the evening.

It has been the pleasure, sometimes, of historians to attribute fabulous qualities to the early chiefs and founders of the nations whose annals they celebrate. The Greeks and Romans claimed theirs to be among the gods of classic mythology. The King Arthurs and King Alfreds of Britain's centuries of romance may be invested with such qualities, or seen through such colors, as romance or poetry may select. But we know the founders of New England as they were. They live for us in their works, in the legislation of their colony, in the chronicles of their churches, so faithfully recalling their doubts and their trials. We know them in the intercourse of daily life, — in their

struggles with want, with the savages who encompassed them, and their far severer struggles to reach that exalted faith and experience more valuable than any earthly blessings. We know them in their most intimate correspondence with friends, revealing the deepest and tenderest secrets of their hearts. Everywhere they are the same in this, — that they have no fears of any earthly power, no repinings, however hard misfortune may be upon them, so long as they feel they are doing the work of the Lord. For them, earthly honors were nothing, their religious and spiritual freedom everything; and yet with this they knew that their civil freedom was united. As we behold them, — grave it may be that they were in aspect, for the responsibility they have assumed is solemn, and it is due to no earthly power; stern it may be that they were in feature, for an indomitable will can alone sustain them; plain, it may be, even to rudeness, they may be in dress, for the work they are to do in the world is not for those who wear soft raiment or who dwell in kings' houses, — yet could we see them as they once stood here, we should know how high resolve, earnest purpose, devoted faith, had impressed itself upon and dignified their rugged features.

But although the means of knowing them well are revealed to us in so many ways, it is not easy to judge them fairly. It is because we cannot separate ourselves from that which surrounds us so as to look out upon life as they looked upon

it. They have a right to be judged from their own standpoint, and from the temper, spirit, and thought of the age which was about them. They were men in lofty conception far above the age in which they lived; yet the age in which they lived constituted an environment out of which no man ever entirely burst.

"The Puritans," says Lord Macaulay, "were perhaps the most remarkable body of men the world has ever known." There has been far too great a disposition to describe them by their deficiencies and limitations, rather than by their great and positive merits. It is said that they sternly repressed here every form of religious worship except their own; yet it is to be remembered that they lived in an age when no such thing as toleration was known. Persecution was the rule and not the exception. They deemed also — and perhaps rightly deemed — that in no other way could they preserve and sustain the faith which was the anchor of their hope, than by confining their colony to those of their own church, or those affiliated to it. This was the extent of their claim. For the enjoyment of that which was dear to them they left the homes of their fathers, they braved the stormy sea, they contended with the stern soil and inhospitable climate, and all the terrors of a savage wilderness. They invited no one to share their dangers; they desired no one whose presence might imperil the existence of their faith. It was the peculiarity of their

situation here, rather than any erroneous general view of the rights of all men to civil and religious liberty, that caused them to wish that all who came here should be of their own faith. The emigration to New England was largely developed by the struggle which had already commenced between King Charles and his Parliament. However that might end, one place these men were determined should exist where they could worship God in their own way. For this they must hold their power untrammelled by those who cherished other modes of belief. That emigration went on, as it is usually estimated, until something over twenty thousand had arrived here from England. It ceased then, for Charles and his Parliament were at last in open war, and the place of all who thought as they did was in England. Many men who had come to Massachusetts returned to join in the struggle there. They went to stand in the ranks of Skippon and Ireton; or to ride, it may be, by the side of Oliver himself, as with his Ironsides, he beat down and trampled under foot Prince Rupert and his cavaliers; or, it may be, — like the noblest of their number, Hugh Peters and Sir Harry Vane, — to seal their devotion to their faith upon the block. When power came — as it did come — into the hands of the English Puritans, the religious belief of others was respected. Mr. Hume, the bitterest of their critics, says of them: "Of all Christian sects, this was the first which during its prosperity as well as its adversity always adopted

the principle of toleration." Of course, Mr. Hume is careful to add one of his usual sneers, by remarking that it is extraordinary that what is so just should have proceeded, not from reasoning, but from extravagance and fanaticism.

The connection which our fathers of 1630 made between the government of the Church and that of the State — or more properly, the Colony — was soon dissolved. While the law that each freeman must be a church-member appears to have continued until the colonial passed into the provincial government, yet it was latterly neglected and disregarded. The things which were Cæsar's went to Cæsar.

But although all this was just and necessary, — and although the Massachusetts which they knew was but a feeble colony, fringing with its scattered hamlets the stormy sea, and that which we know is a wealthy and powerful State, an integral portion of a vast nation whose gateways are upon the Atlantic and Pacific seas, — let the example of our Puritan founders remain with us always. The noble lives they led in want and privation and danger do not pass away utterly. We will strive at least that the lessons they taught of self-devotion, the sacrifices they made for liberty, the high ideals they held up of virtue and courage, the lofty standard they maintained of religion and piety, shall not be altogether forgotten. No men have ever impressed themselves more upon a nation than have the Puritan founders of New

England. The principles dear to them, and to which they devoted their lives, are in the vanguard of every struggle for justice or liberty.

I cannot conclude without one earnest wish for the prosperity of this ancient church. Apart from its great historic associations, it is dear to me by the tender memory of many who were its honored and respected members, with whom I am connected by blood and family ties, two of whom are commemorated on the walls around us. For two hundred and fifty years its voice has been heard, instructing and inspiring thousands of grateful and responsive hearts. So may it be for centuries to come! Still may its voice go forth summoning men to higher and nobler lives, in solemn remembrance of him to whom they are accountable, rebuking — if rebuke be needed — tenderly and charitably, yet encouraging and consoling always. Although forms of worship may change, although the solemn swell of the organ or the pealing of the chimes above our heads might have seemed to those who founded this church inconsistent with the severe simplicity dear to them, yet these are but accessories only. We will not doubt that in the brighter light in which they stand, and with the larger vision with which now they see, they will acknowledge their communion with it so long as, in the language of the covenant made here, — often quoted to-day, and yet not too often, — it shall teach men to walk in all their

ways according to the rule of the gospel, and in all sincere conformity to the holy ordinances of our Saviour, and "in mutual love and respect, each to the other, so near as God shall give us grace."

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS ON GENERAL GRANT.

DELIVERED AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, JULY 26, 1885.

Your Excellency, Fellow-citizens, — A nation has watched by the dying couch of its greatest citizen. The leader of its armies in battle, the head of its civil government in peace, — anxiety, hope, and fear have contended, until at last it became certain that human efforts were in vain, and that he who had been a tower of strength in the hour of a people's agony was to pass from among living men. Well may a nation swell the funeral cry for him whose strong hand and daring heart secured and protected its life.

As he has waited in the august majesty of impending death, there have seemed to gather round him the tender memories of all who offered their lives for their country in our great civil strife. The crowds that collected about his house in the great city, when some two or three months ago his death seemed immediate, were not mere curiosity-seekers: there were fathers and brothers; there were mothers that had given their sons; there were girls (elderly women now) who had given up their lovers. To me these groups seem

infinitely affecting, for they were of those who in that struggle had parted forever from their best and noblest. To the great chieftain who had led their brave through so many a hot and bloody day they brought the mute offering of their reverence and love, for it was to him they owed it that those noble lives had not been sacrificed in vain. As he was the chieftain, so he was the representative of the Federal Army, — that army which, springing from the people itself, vindicated the integrity of the American Union, swept from its States the curse of slavery, and lifted a nation to a higher and nobler life. That great army has passed away long since, yet it shall not be forgotten that in its day and generation, and in its time and place, it did for this country deeds worthy of immortal honor. It is twenty-four years since the great battle-summer of 1861. To each of us they have brought joy and sorrow in their mingled web; but we turn back to that time freshly still as the tolling bell and the muffled drum announce that Grant has sunk to his final repose.

> "Ne'er to the chambers where the mighty rest
> Since their foundation came a nobler guest."

To-day is not one for criticism, even if it be candid and not unkindly. Our sense of loss is too acute; our emotions are too keen. Nor perhaps at any time could those of us who have followed him, who have known what it was to lean upon that determined will, who have seen him with the

light of battle on his cheek, assume to speak of him with the cold neutrality of impartial history. If to that great tribunal all must come, we are not competent to sit thereon as judges. Some future historian, some Parkman, some Bancroft, shall compare him with the great captains of antiquity or of modern history, shall weigh in nice scales his successes or his failures, the means at his command, the purposes he had in view, the results he finally accomplished, and shall then assign him his appropriate place. High although it must be, for this I shall care little, for his name is written indelibly upon a nobler list. His place is not with the Cæsars and the Hannibals, the Fredericks or Napoleons, — the conquerors who have waded to fame or empire through blood and carnage, — but with those who in the hour of danger and distress have borne upon their shoulders the weight of mighty States, who have preferred patriotism, duty, and honor to any selfish aggrandizement, who have drawn the sword reluctantly, who have sheathed it willingly when the time for reconciliation had come, and at the head of whom stands, peerless and immortal, our own Washington. His fame, like that of Washington, shall form forever one of the brightest jewels in the radiant crown of the Republic. It shall broaden and widen as her domains shall spread, as her vast and fertile wastes shall be peopled, and as great cities shall rise where to-day only the hum of the wild bee breaks the stillness of the fragrant air. Yet

to no generation of men can he be all that he has been to us. Already to many almost approaching middle life his achievements are but historical. But with us, who were of his time, there is a personal love and veneration towards him which cannot be communicated to others. All around him throughout the broad land there stretches the wide circle of those who perhaps never looked upon his bodily presence, but who feel his loss as a personal grief. He has so inwrought himself with their just and patriotic feeling in the years that are past that to them the earth itself seems less fair, this gorgeous, glowing summer less bright, now that he is gone. Willingly would I speak some words that shall tell the love we have borne him, the honor in which we hold his great deeds, the gratitude we have for all he has so splendidly done, but I realize how poor my utterance is.

The mean and sordid pecuniary cares that vexed his closing years of life but showed how truly resolute and upright he was. In selecting men in military life in whom to repose confidence, his view was singularly correct and just; it might be said to be perfect. He was a soldier to the inmost core; he knew everything that he needed then, and made no mistakes. His education and studies had not fitted him with the same judgment in civil life. It was an error of a trustful, generous nature that led him to stand by those in whom he had once reposed confidence, even after

there was legitimate reason for distrust. He gave generously and withdrew reluctantly, and thus as a civilian he was more than once grievously abused in official life. That he should show the same disposition in dealing with his private and personal affairs might have been anticipated; but it was an error which most cruelly he was compelled to answer. Betrayed by cunning, intriguing knaves, when financial ruin came, he met it with the old calm resolution. He was ready at once to strip himself of all he possessed, even of the very gifts which were the just memorials of his fame, that he might satisfy those who had trusted in him. Financial and commercial honor were as dear to him as any other honor. Calmly and resolutely he devoted himself to those unaccustomed labors by which he hoped to provide for those he was to leave behind him; and although racking pains always assailed him, although the weary brain and the once strong hand from time to time refused their office, he had the satisfaction of knowing that what he had undertaken he had accomplished. Recognition of his great services, even if somewhat tardily, came in his restoration to that position in the army which he had resigned in obedience to the call of the country, and it was a profound gratification to him to feel, ere he passed away, that the pecuniary future of his family would be provided for. Let them believe that the tenderest love of a grateful people will encompass them always.

It is twenty years since the only name worthy to be mentioned with that of General Grant has passed into history. It seems like a caprice of fortune that while the great soldier of the War of the Rebellion went almost unscathed through an hundred fights, its great statesman should die by the assassin's hand. As to the great Hebrew chieftain who had led Israel through the Red Sea and the desert, it was ordained that he should but look on the promised land, so to Abraham Lincoln it was given but to know that the Union was restored, that his life's work was done, and to die in the hour of final triumph. Between these great men, from the day they met (and they had never seen each other's faces until after nearly three years of war) until the day Mr. Lincoln died, there had been the most generous confidence, the most trustful regard, the most firm faith that each had done in the past and would do in the future the utmost possible to sustain the other. How like a wonderful romance it reads, that in that time of less than three years, from a simple captain, whose offer of his services to the War Department was thought of so little consequence that the letter, although since carefully searched for, cannot be found, Grant had risen from rank to rank until he became the lieutenant-general who was to unite all the military springs of action in a single hand, to govern them by a single will, to see (to use his own expression) that the armies of the Union pulled no longer "like a balky

team," but were moved and animated by a single purpose. Yet his way had not been one of uninterrupted success, and there had been no success that had not been won by his own wisdom and courage. He had seized and controlled the Ohio, and held Kentucky in the Union; he had opened the Tennessee and the Cumberland by the victories of Forts Henry and Donelson; but the much-misunderstood battle of Shiloh had reduced him, uncomplaining always, to a subordinate command under General Halleck, whose own failure at Corinth finally gave to him at last the command of all forces operating to open the Mississippi. Again and again during the often-repeated repulses from Vicksburg there had been attempts to remove him, mainly at the instance of those who did not comprehend the vastness of the problem with which he had to deal. Mr. Lincoln had stood by him, saying in his peculiar way, "I rather like that man; I guess I will try him a little longer," until at last Vicksburg was taken by a movement marked with the audacity of a master in the art of war, who dares to violate established rules and make exceptions when great emergencies demand that great risks shall be run. The Fourth of July, 1863, was the proudest day the armies of the Union up to that time had ever known, for the thunders of the cannon that announced in the East the great victory of Gettysburg were answered from the West by those that told that the Mississippi in all its mighty length ran unvexed to the sea.

His victory at Chattanooga followed the placing of the armies of the West under his sole control, and the time had come when he was to direct the armies of the whole Union. His place was thereafter with the Army of the Potomac, as the most decisive point of struggle, although its immediate command remained with General Meade. It was only thus and through its vicinity to the Capital that he could direct every military operation. As he entered upon the great campaign of 1864, Mr. Lincoln said, "If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now with a brave army and a just cause may God sustain you!" And General Grant had answered, "Should my success be less than I desire or expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you." Side by side they stood together through all the desperate days that ensued, until in April, 1865, the terrific and protracted struggle was ended between the two great armies of the East; the long-tried, always faithful Army of the Potomac held its great rival, the Army of Northern Virginia, in the iron embrace of its gleaming wall of bayonets; and the sword of Lee was laid in the conquering hand of Grant. Side by side Lincoln and Grant will stand forever in the Pantheon of history; and somewhere in the eternal plan we would willingly believe those great spirits shall yet guard and shield the land they loved and served so well.

Whatever General Grant's errors or his weak-

nesses, — and he was mortal, — like the spots on the sun, they but show the brightness of the surrounding surface; and we readily forget them as we remember the vast debt we owe to him. Whether or not we could have achieved success without him, it is certain that only through him we did achieve success. He was thoroughly patriotic, and his patriotism sprang from his faith in the American Union. He had been educated to the service of the government; he had looked to this rather than to the parties that exist under it, whose zeal sometimes leads men to forget that there can be no party success worth having that is not for the benefit of all. His political affiliations were slight enough, perhaps, but they had not been with the party that elected Mr. Lincoln. He knew well, however, that this frame of government, once destroyed, could never be reconstructed. He had no faith in any theory which made the United States powerless to protect itself. He comprehended fully the real reason why the slave States, dissatisfied with just and necessary restraint, sought to extricate themselves from the Union; and he knew that a war commencing for its integrity would broaden and widen until it became one for the liberty of all men, and there was neither master nor slave in the land. His letter to his brother-in-law, lately published, although written during the first week of the war, his written remark to General Buckner, in their interesting interview just before he died, "that the war had

been worth all that it had cost," show how strongly he felt that, purified by the fires of the Rebellion, the Union had risen grand and more august among nations. Who shall say he was not right? Who shall say that if all the noble lives so freely offered could be restored, but with them must return the once discordant Union with its system of slavery, they who gave would consent to have them purchased back at such a price?

General Grant was not of those who supposed that the conflict with the South was to be any summer's day campaign; he knew the position of the South, its resources, its military capacity, and the fact that, acting on the defensive, it would move its armies on interior lines. He recognized the difficulty in dealing with so vast an extent of territory; and he knew that in a war with a hostile people rather than a hostile army only, we could often hold but the tracts of territory immediately under our camp-fires. Yet he never doubted of ultimate success. He never believed that this country was to be rent asunder by faction or dragged to its doom by traitors. He said to General Badeau once, who had asked him if the prospect never appalled him, that he had always felt perfectly certain of success. Thus though to him many days were dark and disastrous, none were despondent. "The simple faith in success you have always manifested," said Sherman to him. "I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour." His

remarkable persistence has caused him sometimes to be looked on as a mere dogged fighter. No suggestion could be more preposterous. He felt sure of his plan before he commenced; then temporary obstructions and difficulties did not dismay him, and whatever were the checks, he went on with resolution to the end.

If stern and unyielding in the hour of conflict, in the hour of victory no man was ever more generous and magnanimous. He felt always that those with whom we warred were our erring countrymen, and that when they submitted to the inevitable changes that war had made, strife was at an end; but he never proposed to yield or tamper with what had been won for liberty and humanity in that strife.

He has passed beyond our mortal sight, — sustained and soothed by the devotion of friends and comrades, by the love of a people, by the affectionate respect and regard of many once in arms against him. In that home where he was almost worshipped, "he has wrapped the drapery of his couch about him" as one that lies down to pleasant dreams. Front to front on many a field he had met the grim destroyer where the death-dealing missiles rained thick and fast from the rattling rifles and the crashing cannon. He neither quailed nor blenched, although death came at last with a summons that could not be denied, when all that makes life dear was around him. He could not but know he was to live still in

memory as long as the great flag around which his fighting legions rallied should wave above a united people. To most men the call of death is terrible ;

> "But to the hero when his sword has won
> The battle of the free,
> That voice sounds like a prophet's word,
> And in its hollow tones are heard
> The thanks of millions yet to be."

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS ON GENERAL GRANT.

DELIVERED AT WORCESTER, AUGUST 8, 1885.

Mr. Mayor, Fellow-citizens. — When we who were soldiers of the Army of the Potomac first saw General Grant, he was already illustrious. The great battles on the Cumberland and the Tennessee had been fought. Already the Mississippi rolled proudly to the sea; no Rebel fortresses frowned from its banks, no Rebel squadrons cruised upon its waters. His great victory at Chattanooga had repaired the disaster of Chickamauga; and the West seemed to be coming firmly within our grasp.

Yet the war was pressing heavily, enormous debts were being contracted, thousands of brave men had fallen, and it was seen that thousands must yet fall before we could achieve the task we had undertaken. No wiser act was ever done by Congress than that which created for Grant the office of lieutenant-general, whose station might be with either army, as he might select, but whose control and direction were to be over all. His command over the armies operating west of the Alleghanies had already fully demonstrated his

vast powers of combination, his capacity for the widest fields of strategy, as well as his terrific energy in battle. Then this new and great responsibility was placed upon him. "If I succeed," he said solemnly, as he received his commission from the hands of the President, "it will be due to our brave armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

He had been urged in accepting this high command to remain with the armies of the West. "Stay with us," said Sherman; "let us make it dead sure;" but in the hands of Sherman himself and Thomas, the West was "dead sure" already, and Grant knew that the time had come when he must more immediately measure himself "with the foremost army of the Confederacy led by its foremost man." He knew that to the great struggle between the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia other operations, vast although they were, were subsidiary only. Two more tried, determined, better armies the world had never seen. Battle, disease, defeat, had wasted both, victory had rewarded both; but for either to rout the other had been impossible. Each when it won had gained but a few miles, or it might be rods, of territory. Each as it drew off from a day of disaster drew off sternly in perfect order, and like "slow Ajax fighting still," retired.

How complete General Grant's control was over every one of the armies of the United States from the day he took supreme command, the

records of the War Department bear witness, — as complete in general direction over that with which Sherman marched to the sea or that which Thomas directed to its splendid victory at Nashville as over the Army of the Potomac. No general could falter or hesitate for advice or direction which he was not ready to afford ; none needed encouragement or urging when he was not prepared to speak the words which the occasion demanded. Over the vast realm where the gigantic conflict was raging, that eagle eye ranged with far-seeing, watchful gaze, anxious that nothing, however small, should escape his care in that one determined purpose of crushing the Rebellion. While the great battle of the Wilderness was being fought around him, he was sending despatches to Sherman, more than a thousand miles away, as to his campaign.

That his military genius was vast and comprehensive no one can question or deny. As a general he was thoroughly aggressive, alike from natural character and from the military position in which he was always placed. He felt deeply the suggestions sometimes made that he was hard and stern, that he sometimes risked the lives of his men needlessly. He knew well that from his constant attacks his losses must of necessity be greater than those of the army he opposed, but he believed that (the advantage of position in standing on the defensive being always with the Rebel Army) the true way to close the war was to strike

resolutely and hard, and that this was not in the long run to sacrifice, but to save life, although the immediate loss might be severe. No man ever felt more fully that the life of every soldier was his in solemn trust, and that it must not be wantonly imperilled. "I cannot do that," he once said to General Halleck, who had recommended a particular attack; "it might succeed, but it would cost the lives of more men than I have a right to risk for such an advantage."

He is often spoken of as if there were something mysterious about his character, as if there were some riddle to unravel. This is evidently an error; no man had less desire to deceive others or less capacity to do it. He kept his own counsel, it is true. He worked out his plans carefully, but he was always ready to hear those who had anything worth hearing. He carefully watched the plans of those opposed to him, using every available means to enlighten himself. He thoughtfully sought to learn what was the best thing for an opponent to do, and assumed that he would do it. If his opponent did anything less than this, so much the worse for him. He had measured himself in his career with every great general of the Confederacy; he respected their abilities, but he had seen no reason to distrust his own. He had confidence in his own judgment, not from any silly or inflated vanity, but because he believed he had mastered the problems submitted to it. Nothing was ever done by him in any half-hearted way, or

as if he felt that something better might have been attempted.

No general ever lived more calmly resolute. He by no means despised the wisdom of those who have written upon the art of war, or the soundness of the more general principles which experience has prescribed. But he was no soldier of the book or the school, and he dared to violate their rules when great occasions demanded. Alone in the army that beleaguered Vicksburg, surrounded by chiefs who shrank from no danger through which courage could conduct them, he matured his final plan for its capture, knowing that any council of war would condemn it as too hazardous. Silent and self-contained, alone he determined upon it, never flinching, never doubting from the time his plan had its first conception until its triumphant close; he achieved the grand result by taking counsel of his own calm reflection, his own indomitable will, his own daring heart.

He was a thoroughly generous and just man in relation to the officers with whom he was associated, to the armies he led, to the armies to which he was opposed. It is hard for a soldier to be generous in matters which concern his own glory and renown, yet in regard to Fort Donelson and Shiloh he was so generous to his subordinates that his cordial words were used most unjustly to depreciate his own reputation and to detract from his own merits. He could not leave the armies

of the West without thanking them and their leaders for their devotion, and expressing to them how strongly he felt that all he had won for the country or gained for himself was due to them; yet he was not less just to the brave army to which he more immediately came. When the preparations for the last struggle in the spring of 1865 were being completed, there was a profound anxiety on his part that the war should be ended at once, and that Lee and Johnston should neither unite nor escape. Yet when it was proposed to bring troops from the Western armies to add to the strength of the Army of the Potomac he opposed it. He felt it to be unwise; that jealousies would arise with the troops of the Army of the West, each claiming that the victory was its own. He felt that it would not be generous to the Army of the Potomac. He had full confidence in its strength and courage to finish its work; and he saw that it would not be just that any other army should divide with it its final triumph. How well and thoroughly that great army struck its final blow, Appomattox testifies; and the surrender shows how generously Grant dealt with those who then laid down their arms. It was but in the line of the course he had pursued at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg. While he meant that the full fruits of the victory should be secured; while he never faltered in his determination that the permanency of the government should be clearly vindicated; while he never questioned that the States lately

in rebellion could only be restored with every guaranty that the freedom of the race once enslaved should be protected, — he would prescribe no conditions of surrender that could in any sense be deemed to be humiliating.

We cannot to-day undertake to fix with accuracy the character of our heroic leader by comparison with others whom history has rendered immortal, yet there is one historical sketch that bears so many points of resemblance that I shall venture to quote it. It was with much interest a few months since that we celebrated the founding of this town two hundred years ago by three soldiers (one an officer of rank), who had served under Cromwell, and who, perhaps, had seen him that morning when in the pouring rain in which the battle of Worcester began he rode down the line and bade his soldiers "trust in the Lord and keep their powder dry." The description which Macaulay gives of the great Puritan leader, whom our fathers loved and honored, finds its almost perfect parallel in General Grant. It is in an altogether imaginary dialogue, assumed to have been between the Royalist poet Cowley and John Milton. I read the words as Milton is supposed to utter them, omitting but an unimportant fragment : —

"Because he was an ungraceful orator, and never said either in public or private anything memorable, you will have it that he was of mean capacity. Sure this is unjust. Many men have there been ignorant of letters, without

wit, without eloquence, who yet had the wisdom to devise and the courage to perform that which they lacked language to explain. Such men often have worked out the deliverance of nations and their own greatness, not by logic, not by rhetoric, but by wariness in success, by calmness in danger, by firm and stubborn resolution in all adversity. The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence; and such a one in my judgment was his late Highness. . . . His own deeds shall avouch him for a great statesman, a great soldier, a true lover of his country, a merciful and generous conqueror."

Fellow-citizens, it is a solemn day on which we part from all that was mortal in this illustrious man. If it be a day of mourning, it is one of thankfulness and gratitude also. If much is taken from us, it is because much was given to us. I contrast the noble and beautiful death of this patriot soldier with that of the mightiest conqueror Europe ever knew, and I bow in reverence before the great Controller of events, who has ordained that even in this world men are rewarded according to their works.

There is in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington the beautiful statue by Véla of Napoleon as he is dying at St. Helena. It is the saddest thing upon which my eyes have ever looked. The Emperor is sitting with his morning gown half wrapped around his naked breast, and on his lap lies outspread the map of Europe. The face, of wondrous beauty, is of unutterable grief. Wasted opportunities, disappointed ambition, remorse, have set upon it

their ineffaceable seal. His wife is far away ; his only son a prisoner at the Austrian Court. Upon the throne of France, trampled as she is under the feet of the armies of Europe, sits again a Bourbon king, held there by foreign bayonets. The Emperor seems to recall the brave who have died by thousands, not that mankind might be nobler and better, but to minister to his thirst for dominion, his insatiate passion for power. He seems to remember that by his own acts he has brought ruin upon the people who had loved him devotedly, and upon himself. In those last days, says his biographer, M. Thiers, he talked much of his old companions : "Shall I see them again, Desaix and Lannes, Murat and Ney ?" Ah, what comfort could there be in that ? — Lannes, who on the field of Essling, dying, had said to him, "Sire, you will ruin everything by these constant wars ;" or Murat and Ney, who for him had died deaths not altogether honorable to themselves, even if disgraceful to those who inflicted them. Or what comfort to him to see again that splendid youth of France who had followed him from the sands of Egypt to the snows of Russia, the only reward of whose valor had been the destruction of their own liberty and country ?

As we turn in sorrow from this scene which the cunning hand of the artist has made so lifelike, we behold that which has been enacted almost before our own bodily eyes. It is sixty-four years later ; and another sits in his chair to die. Upon him is

the same mortal disease, although in a far more agonizing form. His face had never the Olympian beauty of the great Emperor; it is marked now with the heavy lines that princely care and rugged war have impressed deep upon it, but it is grave and majestic still. The broad brow and heavy jaw tell alike of the calm thought and resolute will which show him fit to be among the kings of men. He has led great armies on fields as fiercely contested as Wagram or Austerlitz or Waterloo itself, and a million of men have sprung at his trumpet-call. He has ruled as constitutional magistrate over a realm broader and fairer than France itself. Life has to him been labor and duty, and until tongue and hand and brain refuse their office he labors still. Around him gathers everything that makes life beautiful and parting from it so hard; but there is no remorse, no thought of duties left undone to the country which in its sore need called to him, no obligations unfulfilled to those who had followed him to danger and to death. The only woman he has ever loved is there with tender hand to moisten the parched lips or wipe the gathering death-damp from his brow. Their children and grandchildren are at their feet. From a grateful country there has come up in a thousand forms the utterances of love and reverence. Those lately in arms against the cause he served have generously and tenderly united in each expression of feeling. He looks abroad over the country whose union he fought to preserve; every-

where there is peace and prosperity; no hostile armies trample the soil; no hostile bayonets flash back the sun; the war-drums long since are silent. The fields are already white with the harvest; the great gateways on the Atlantic and Pacific seas are open, and through them commerce pours its generous tide. Master and slave are known no longer in the land where labor is honored and manhood is revered. To him, too, in those dreaming and waiting hours came the memories of those who have fallen in battle by his side, or, yielding since to the remorseless artillery of time, have gone before him. Even if he does not utter them, how well we may imagine the thoughts that pass through his mind as he feels that he draws near to them: "Shall I see them again, — McPherson, Reynolds, and Sedgwick, as they died at the head of their army corps; Rawlins, whom I loved as a brother; Hooker, as when his cannon rang down from among the clouds on Lookout's crest; Thomas, as he triumphed at Nashville; Meade, as he dashed back the fierce charge at Gettysburg or urged to the last dread struggle the ever-faithful Army of the Potomac? If it be so, I know they will meet me as comrades and brothers. Nor those alone, not alone the great chiefs who urged forward the fiery onset of mighty battalions. Shall I see again the splendid youth of 1861 as they came in all the ardor of their generous patriotism, in all the fire of their splendid courage, to fill the ranks of our armies? Shall I see them as when through the

valleys the battle poured its awful tide, or as when the hills were made red by their glorious sacrifice? I am very near them now. Almost I can behold them, although the light on their faces is that which never was on sea or land. Almost I can hear their bugles call to me, as the notes softly rise and fall across the dark valley through which I must pass. I go to them; and I know there is not one that will not meet me as a father and a friend."

Farewell, pure and noble citizen, wise and generous statesman, illustrious soldier; farewell! By these solemn rites which stretch from ocean to ocean, tenderly and tearfully and yet gratefully still, a nation surrenders back to God the great gift which he gave in her hour of utmost need.

ADDRESS TO THE FIFTEENTH REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

ON THEIR VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, JUNE, 1886.

Comrades and Friends, — We have met, at a distance from our homes, on a great field rendered immortal forever by the victory won here for the Union of these States, and for the great principles of liberty and equality on which that Union must live or else have no life, to dedicate this monument to the memory of those of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment who fell in that terrible conflict. If such be the immediate object of this monument, it has also a wider scope, as in a large sense it commemorates all the brave men who nobly gave or bravely offered their lives, and testifies our own devotion to and faith in the great cause which demanded this solemn sacrifice. Our gathering is in no sense ceremonial; yet simple and informal as our words may be, we would willingly, as we stand above these glorious graves, say something that shall express, however inadequately, the gratitude we bear these men for their priceless services, and the love and honor in which we cherish their memory. So rapidly do the years move, that in

the near future the language of impartial history will speak in the solemn and measured tones in which it has recorded its judgment upon brave men and heroic souls long gone before us in the ages past. But although twenty-three years are gone since these hills rang with the echoes of the dread artillery, and these fields almost shook with the tramp of contending armies, to us these men must ever be what they were that day, — brothers and comrades, husbands, lovers, fathers, and sons. Everything that makes life sweet and beautiful gathers and entwines itself around their memory.

The Fifteenth Regiment, mustered into the service in July, 1861, in Worcester, was the first of six regiments which were organized in that city for the suppression of the Rebellion. It was composed of Worcester County men almost entirely, and was the offering of ten towns in that county whose names in familiar conversation the companies frequently bore to the last in the regiment, as well as the letters which were their proper designation. I name them in the alphabetical order of their designation: A, Leominster; B, Fitchburg; C, Clinton; D, Worcester; E, Oxford; F, Brookfield; G, Grafton; H, Northbridge; I, Webster; K, Blackstone. It was the only one of the regiments organized in the County of Worcester that participated in the battle of Gettysburg, although all the others were doing on other fields of the war valuable and faithful service. The battle of Gettysburg indicates the high-water mark of the

Rebellion. Although many great battles were to be fought thereafter, many trials endured, many disasters encountered, yet its culminating point was here; and it was here that the tide was turned. If the so-called Confederacy could establish itself firmly on the soil of one of the Northern States, it would indicate to Europe that the Civil War was something more than a local rebellion, and might, perhaps, gain for the Confederacy an admission into the family of nations by those who were covertly supporting it. Vicksburg, it is true, was not yet taken; but it could not be wrenched from the grasp of the iron hands which encompassed it. Yet the blow might be parried if a victory could be won for the Rebellion upon Northern soil. Whatever may have been, however, the motives and the hopes which induced the invasion of Pennsylvania by General Lee, here they were destined to come to naught, here they were utterly blasted.

In view, it may fairly be presumed, of the consequences of this great victory, of the fact that it was won upon the soil of one of the free States, and that this field is an appropriate memorial of the whole war, the State of Massachusetts on March 25, 1884, appropriated to each of its regiments and batteries here engaged a sufficient sum for a suitable monument to be erected on the battle-field. The work of the artist is before us, and it will be conceded that, if simple, it is yet graceful and appropriate. No

State has proved more tenderly regardful of the children whom she sent forth to battle than our own Massachusetts. No troops ever went forth more carefully prepared, clothed, and equipped than those which were sent out under our war governor, John A. Andrew, whose name is never to be mentioned but with love and respect. Never were men watched over with more affectionate regard through those stormy days of trial. Since the war closed, no State has been more generous in supplementing the national bounty in behalf of our sick and wounded, our decayed and broken men. It is to her that we owe the means of erecting this tribute to our fallen comrades, and for this we render to her to-day our grateful and cordial thanks.

I shall not undertake here, my comrades, at any length to relate the deeds of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, or fully to describe this great battle in which it bore so creditable a part. The merest sketch must suffice. Before this conflict the regiment had won for itself an honorable, I might safely say an illustrious name, among the foremost and best-disciplined regiments of the army. There is a point with the bravest where organization loses its power, where losses are so severe and men are so utterly broken that discipline fails and can do nothing more; and yet twice before in its history it had lost more than half its men, and, still unflinching, it had drawn off the remnant resolutely and in good order. At its first battle, that of Ball's

Bluff, unfortunate though the day was, the regiment established a reputation for valor and for determined staying power which it never forfeited or lost; but that reputation was won at the expense of many noble lives. It was in this engagement that General Ward, then lieutenant-colonel, was severely wounded. He was destined afterwards bravely to lose his life on this field of Gettysburg, and the dedication of his monument will be a part of our solemn office to-day.

The regiment made a campaign in February, 1862, in the Valley of Virginia, and then joined the forces of McClellan on the Peninsula. At Yorktown, having been assigned to the command of a brigade by promotion, my own immediate connection with the regiment ceased, and Colonel Ward being utterly disabled, the active command passed for the time to the always brave and reliable Colonel Kimball. The regiment participated in all the conflicts of the Peninsula. I have re-read the reports of Generals Gorman, Sully, Howard, and Sedgwick. In different forms of expression each of those generals has said that better and braver troops no man ever led. It was in the same division with the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, who, it is just to say, received similar commendations. My own words are of little importance compared with those; but in a report made by myself to Governor Andrew, December 20, 1862, principally as to the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirty-seventh Massa-

chusetts regiments, then in my brigade, I spoke of the Fifteenth in language in which I believe as firmly now as when I wrote it: "Called upon," I said, "both at Ball's Bluff and at Antietam, when it was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel (now Colonel) Kimball, to endure the terrific loss of more than one half of its men engaged, it exhibited a courage and fidelity more than worthy of veteran troops, for it was worthy of the holy cause which had drawn its men from their peaceful homes."

At Antietam, when I was moving up with my brigade on the morning after the principal battle, anticipating its renewal, my orderly, George W. Mirick, said to me, "General Sedgwick is wounded, lying in a hut near the road." I jumped off my horse and ran in for a moment. After speaking of his wound, which, although it disabled him for the time, was not dangerous, General Sedgwick said to me, "Your old Fifteenth was magnificent yesterday; no regiment of the regular army ever fought better." I thought he might well say this, when at a later period I learned that it had carried 606 officers and men into the battle, and that its list of casualties was 322 men, all but twenty-four of whom were accounted for by name as killed on the field or wounded. It certainly was a sufficient compliment when he says in his report that its "conduct was not different from what it was on all other occasions."

The disastrous battle of Fredericksburg followed Antietam, and was followed by the not less unfortunate battle of Chancellorsville. In both these engagements the Fifteenth had a part worthy always of its reputation. It cannot be denied that their result was most sorely to depress the North; and the hope to take advantage of that depression was one of the motives for the campaign which General Lee now inaugurated. When the design of Lee was unmasked, General Hooker acted with great vigor, crossing the Potomac only one day later, and moving so rapidly as to threaten Lee's communications, and to interpose between him and his cavalry. As celerity of movement was then of the highest importance, it is worthy of note that the Fifteenth, together with the Nineteenth Massachusetts, received the tribute of an especial complimentary order for their vigorous and compact marching on the day when General Hooker crossed the river in pursuit. At Frederick, in Maryland, General Hooker was relieved from command, and General Meade substituted; but the Potomac Army advanced so vigorously that General Lee fell back from the Susquehanna, anxious lest his line of retreat should be barred. The first encounter took place to the north and west of Gettysburg, the battle being opened by Buford's cavalry, the First and Eleventh corps on our side being the only corps engaged; and, outnumbered by the enemy, they were forced back to the crest on

which we are now standing. The Fifteenth Regiment, whose fortunes we desire more immediately to follow, was in the Second Corps, Hancock's; and proudly are its men entitled to wear the clover-leaf, which was the badge of that corps, for the good work of those days. Its division commander was General John Gibbon, and Colonel Ward was acting temporarily as brigade commander of the First Brigade, in which it served. General Hancock, who, without troops, had been sent forward to Gettysburg, had reported that the ground was favorable for a battle; that it could be held until nightfall; and orders had been at once issued for the concentration of the army at Gettysburg.

The Fifteenth, on the night of July 1, bivouacked about three miles from the field, and moved forward on the morning of July 2, with the rest of the Second Corps, at daybreak, reaching the field about seven o'clock. The other brigades of the division were in line. The First Brigade (in which the Fifteenth served) was formed in the undulation, or hollow, behind the line indicated by the regimental monument, so that it might be readily moved to the aid of the other parts of the line in column of regiments. Colonel Ward, who had been relieved by the arrival of the brigade commander, now took command of the regiment. He spoke briefly but spiritedly to the men, urged them to do their duty, and told them of the momentous issues involved in their hold-

ing the ground firmly. It was not until about four o'clock that serious conflict took place, by a terrific attack upon the left of the Third Corps, which had been thrown forward to a more advanced position on the Emmitsburg road, which ran diagonally to the front of our general line. The line of the Third Corps, commanded by General Sickles, extended along that road by the peach orchard, then turned back to the foot of Round Top. Its right rested on the Emmitsburg road in echelon, some 550 yards in advance of the line of the Second Corps. To protect his own left and the right of General Sickles' corps, and to fill the gap, General Hancock ordered two regiments to be advanced to the Emmitsburg road north of the Codori House. The Fifteenth Massachusetts, Colonel Ward, and the Eighty-second New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Huston, were ordered to move forward, which they immediately did, forming along the road, the Fifteenth being on the right and the Eighty-second on the left. Their line did not immediately connect with the extreme right of the Third Corps, but was some two hundred yards from it, nor with the extreme left of the Second Corps, but was partially in front of it.

The attack, which had commenced at the extreme left of the Third Corps and at the peach orchard, gradually extended to its right until the whole line of the corps was engaged; and it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening before the storm fell upon the Fifteenth and Eighty-second. The extreme

right of the Third Corps was now attacked by Barksdale's, Wilson's, and Perry's Confederate brigades, and forced gradually back, thus uncovering the left of the line of the two regiments whose actions we are following. Wright's Georgia brigade now advanced, and would have struck or swept around the right flank of the Third Corps but that it was encountered by these regiments. The engagement was desperate; from their advanced position the two regiments were to some extent under the fire of our own men as much as that of the enemy. The Eighty-second, whose left was now wholly uncovered, was first forced back, and the whole weight of the assault fell upon the Fifteenth. It was necessary to retire to the line of the Second Corps, and thither it fought its way back. But the two regiments had done their work well in protecting the flank of their own corps, for as the enemy followed closely, they were handsomely repulsed by the Second Brigade of their division, and by a portion of the Thirteenth Vermont, which had just reached that part of the field. In this fearful conflict we had to mourn the loss of many brave officers and men, among them Colonel Ward, who, gallantly fighting as his regiment steadily retreated, received the mortal wound of which, a few hours later, he died. Lieutenant-Colonel Huston was mortally wounded. But if terrible blows had been received, they had been most terribly returned. The Georgia brigade of Wright had left on the field either killed or seriously and perhaps mortally wounded three of their regimental

commanders, — Colonel Warden of the Twenty-second Georgia, Major Ross, commanding the Second Georgia, and Colonel Gibson, commanding the Forty-eighth Georgia; and its loss in subordinate officers and men was proportionately heavy.

I have spoken somewhat fully of the conduct of the Fifteenth on the second day of July, for, from the isolated position which it and its companion regiment occupied, they rendered a peculiar, dangerous, and most gallant service.

Notwithstanding the forcing back of the Third Corps, the 2d of July had, taken as a whole, closed successfully for our army. Round Top, which protected our left, was now so firmly held that it could not be torn from us; and on our extreme right at Culp's Hill, although some advantage had been gained by the Confederates, it was clear that all they had obtained could be taken from them, as it was, indeed, on the next morning.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d of July when the preparations for the terrific assault, intended to break the centre of our line and drive in confusion its two separate fragments on two distinct lines of retreat, began, by one of the most terrific cannonades ever known. The Confederate Army was especially strong that day in artillery, and General Lee was able to concentrate for this attack one hundred and fifty guns. For some two hours the fire of these guns was directed upon the centre which it was intended to break. Sheltering themselves as far as possible by such

rude breastworks as they had been able to make, our troops, whom the artillery fire was intended to demoralize, awaited the struggle which was certain to come when the enemy's infantry moved. The position in which the Fifteenth Massachusetts, now under command of Colonel Joslin, lay during this tempest of shot and shell was some twenty-five to fifty rods to the left of the monument. Hancock knew that somewhere on the Second Corps the weight of the assault was sure to fall, and as he rode along the line, roused his men by inspiring words and his own gallant bearing.

It is about three o'clock, and the Confederate fire slackens, so that their infantry may move out of the woods that have partially sheltered them. They are coming now, in numbers nearly or quite eighteen thousand men. Longstreet has organized the assault; but Pickett's division of Virginians is to lead. It contains about five thousand or six thousand men who have not yet fought in the battle, and is supported on the right and left by divisions from other corps of their army. It is a relief to see them come, for, fierce as the encounter must be, the recumbent position of our men under the blazing July sun is intolerable, and they spring to their feet with alacrity. The enemy has formed for the attack in two lines, which, as they move, contract their front, and their lines are doubled or trebled by reason of the difficulties and obstructions on the march, thus having the appearance and to some extent the formation of columns, as they are

generally termed. They are severely handled by our artillery, but they come steadily on.

The assault was directed at first precisely towards the point in our line where the brigade was posted in which the Fifteenth served; but more lately, as it advanced, it was deflected to our right, perhaps because the clump of trees afforded them a prominent landmark, or because the fire of Stannard's Vermont brigade, which was now thrown forward on the right flank of the enemy, caused the change of direction.

The Fifteenth Massachusetts, with other regiments of the brigade following it, promptly moves towards its own right to encounter the attack, when it is about to strike on the line of the Second Corps. In this movement many of our men fall, notably Captain Jorgensen, and, a little later, Captain Murkland. As the Fifteenth Regiment reaches the clump of trees, the enemy, breaking through the line of General Webb, which is marked by a low stone wall, for a moment fairly presses the Union line back. It is the last effort of desperation; the assaulting lines or columns can do no more. There is a moment's pause, but the point penetrated by the enemy is instantly covered; and as if by common consent the order "Forward" is given, and our men resolutely advance upon the foe. "The first time I heard the order, 'Advance the colors!'" says Captain Hastings of the Fifteenth, "was from Corporal Cunningham, although it was only the repetition

of the order given by Colonel Joslin." The order is uttered and repeated from man to man, as well as from general and colonel along the line. No one can say who gave it first. There is some confusion, for in the rapid movements and the heavy fire, organization is to some extent lost, but all know what is to be done, and are resolute to do it. Firmly on now comes the whole Union front. Officers, if they cannot always direct by their commands, animate by their example. For a few moments the contest is most furious, but such a struggle is too desperate to endure long. The Confederate lines waver, yield, break at last, while many of their men throw down their muskets and throw up their hands in surrender. A few wild, disordered bands strive to fall back to the Confederate lines, from which they had issued so bravely an hour or two before; and the Army of the Potomac, as it gathers up the straggling prisoners by thousands, knows that by its steady valor a great victory has been won for the Union.

In this conflict our regiment had its full share alike of the danger and the glory, for both on the 2d and the 3d of July it was at the points where the fiercest fighting was done and where the victory was finally secured. Depleted by its former engagements, the Fifteenth brought into the battle only eighteen officers and two hundred and twenty-one men. It lost three officers and nineteen enlisted men killed on the field, and eight officers and eighty-five men wounded (of whom many after-

wards died), — in round numbers, one half of those who were engaged. Tested in a merely material point of view, Gettysburg was one of the great battles of the world. While the loss in our own regiment was fifty per cent, throughout our whole army it was probably from twenty-five to thirty per cent. In the Confederate Army it was without doubt larger, as it had been the attacking force. But, dreadful as the story is when we remember that the killed, wounded, and prisoners of the Federal Army numbered twenty-three thousand men, who shall say, as we reflect how much was done here for freedom and law and good government throughout not only our country, but the world, that the victory won here was not worth even the noble lives it cost?

> "The spot is holy where they fought,
> And holy where they fell;
> For by their blood the land was bought,
> That land they loved so well."

I will not undertake to follow further the history of the Fifteenth Regiment except by a single sentence. It fought in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac that followed in 1863. It was in the great battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, with which the year 1864 opened. Sadly depleted in its ranks, it was never false to its reputation; and, its full term of service completed, it was mustered out in July of that year at Worcester with only one hundred and fifty men. As its colonel I had carried from

Worcester, in 1861, 1,065 men, and it had received about seven hundred recruits. Its men who were killed on the field, or died of wounds and disease during its term of service, were 364. This does not include, of course, those who were discharged for wounds or disability, many of whom returned home only to die. Tried by this terrible and bloody test, its place is among the most gallant regiments of the Union Army during the entire war. From an article published in the "National Tribune" of this year, by Mr. B. F. Gilman, formerly of the Thirty-second Massachusetts, it appears that in percentage of its losses the Fifteenth stands fourth among those who served in the armies of the Union. I have not the means of verifying the accuracy of Mr. Gilman's statement. I am able to state, however, from my own examination in the records of the adjutant-general's office of Massachusetts, that its proportional loss of men who died during its term of service, having regard to the number of men borne upon its rolls, is larger than that of any of the regiments that went from our commonwealth. Its actual losses were greater than those of any other regiment except the Twentieth Massachusetts. But that gallant regiment was in the service eight months longer, and had upon its rolls more than half as many again men, in all 3,030 men. Massachusetts sent to the war sixty gallant regiments, all of whom did honor to the State, whose children they were, and to the cause which they served. To have

gained such a place among them as that won by the Fifteenth is surely a sufficient eulogy.

How shall I speak, my friends and comrades, of these men, when I remember that it was my duty to command them during nearly a year, and to lead them in the first of the many bloody battles in which they fought? Certainly no better or braver men ever went forth in obedience to the solemn call of country. They were the young farmers, mechanics, and business men of our County of Worcester,— men who thought and felt as freemen. Before them lay the path of duty; they could take no other road; they were animated by no hope of aggrandizement, for most of them left behind far more lucrative positions; they were stimulated by no hope of bounties; they were excited by no fires of personal ambition; they were inflamed by no wild enthusiasm. Calm and deliberate reflection had told them that it was by their hands, and by the hands of men such as they, that the Union must be defended. They were not kinless men, — waifs of society, such as float on the surface of the turbulent waters of great towns and cities; around them were all the most sacred ties which bind us to life. Yet they laid these aside to answer the call of country. They were such men as make the heart and bone and sinew of our nation; they embraced all that was noblest and purest in its young life. When shall their glory fade? Not surely while the great flag that they followed waves above a free and united country. All who

led this regiment in battle that now are living are here to-day. I am sure I speak for all when I say that I wish we could have led and served it better.

The monument we have reared to them is not a monument to the glories of war. If that were all, it were better that the State of Massachusetts had withheld its gift and that this granite block was sleeping in its native quarry. No one knows better than we who have seen the trampled fields, the desolated homes, the blazing towns, the agonies of the dying on such a field as this (less happy than the dead, who are past all pain), what the horrors of war are. A war can only be justified or ennobled by a great and solemn cause; and that cause the American people had. It is the noble spirit and the high resolve that their government should not be destroyed, that freedom should prevail wherever their flag floated, which we seek to commemorate. Patriotic self-devotion, unflinching loyalty to duty, — these we would honor, these we would hold up to the reverence and imitation of those who are to come hereafter, whether he who displayed those great qualities fell with the stars of the general, or the eagles of the colonel, on his shoulder, or in the simple jacket of the private soldier.

This memorial is reared in no spirit of hostility towards, or exultation over, the defeated in our late civil war. Let the passions it engendered pass away with the dreadful source from which it sprung. Even though the baffled and beaten

traitor, around whom gather all the infamies and horrors by which a wretched cause was rendered even more wicked, may still continue with feeble utterances to cry out that the cause is not dead, — secession and slavery are in their dishonorable graves together. The hand of a merciful Providence will extend to them no resurrection; but the recollections of the grand results which our brethren achieved, and the heroism with which they achieved them, cannot be allowed to pass away. Over the unfortunate and erring with whom they contended let the long grass wave undisturbed. Yet as we stand by these glorious graves, we cannot confound the heroes and martyrs of a noble cause with those whom the twin furies of treason and slavery led forth to battle, unless by a confusion of ideas worthy of chaos itself. It is the cause which sets our brethren apart among the myriads who people the silent cities of the dead. We should not be true to their just fame if in any sickly sentimental gush of reconciliation we should hesitate to assert that the principles for which they died were right, and that those against which they fought were deeply wrong. That assertion, in no sense unkind or ungenerous to those with whom they were once in deadly strife, this monument makes to-day. It tells of bravery and valor; but it tells of more than these, for it tells of duty and patriotism, and it summons all who may look upon it hereafter to answer to their call.

We dedicate this monument, then, the gift of Massachusetts, to the memory of the dead of our Fifteenth Regiment, who fell on this immortal field, and in the various conflicts in which the regiment fought, to the memory of those who served in it and nobly offered their lives for their country, as they have passed, or shall hereafter pass away, and to the memory of their brave comrades of the whole Federal Army. We dedicate it to the great cause of the Union and the freedom of all who dwell beneath the flag, which is the emblem of its sovereignty, in the solemn trust that "government of the people, by the people and for the people," shall not perish from among men.

ADDRESS

AS PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI AT THE DINNER IN MEMORIAL HALL ON THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF HARVARD COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 8, 1886.

Brethren, — Our solemn festival draws to its close. For a few moments we linger still to interchange our mutual sentiments and feelings, and then to part until the three hundredth anniversary summons the sons of Harvard to unite upon a similar occasion. A few may expect to see that distant day, but most of us know that for us it is impossible. But whether we are to join in it or not, those who shall then commemorate are to be our brethren, united by that bond of fraternity whose mystic chords draw together all who have drunk at this fountain. Their voices as our own, when they meet and when they part, will utter their salutation to our beloved University, "Salve, magna Parens!"

It is well in this time of prosperity, when Massachusetts is a wealthy and powerful State, and yet but a portion of a mighty nation whose gateways are on the Atlantic and the Pacific seas, to look back to the day when this college was founded, and to the men who made that day great. It was

six years only since they had reached these shores. They had contended with the inhospitable climate; the stern soil they had encountered but not subdued. Their settlements were but a fringe along a stormy sea which separated them from the land they had loved so well, and had parted from in obedience to a higher call than that of country, to build here their New Jerusalem. Not sustained by any royal favor or power; not disturbed as yet except it might be by a royal frown; exercising boldly the powers of sovereignty even if in nominal obedience to their parent State; fixing definitely the status of citizens; imposing taxes and duties; determining what should be public charges, — that nothing might be wanting to a full and perfect commonwealth, they established this college, endowing it with the magnificent gift equal to a year's revenue.

One great principle they contributed to the science of government, — and the greatest of States and statesmen might well be proud of the contribution. That the education of the people is a public duty; that there is a right in every child and youth in the land to its rudiments, and to the opportunity for a larger and more liberal culture; that the provision for this is a legitimate public expenditure, — are principles of the gravest importance; and for these the world is indebted to them. The monuments to their own just fame which they reared by the establishment of this college, and by their provision for public schools,

are not to be found alone in these halls, or in those where similar institutions teach the higher branches of learning and science, but equally in the humblest village schoolhouse, wherever in the broad land it nestles in the valley or by the wayside.

In marshalling the degrees of honor, Lord Bacon has assigned the highest place to the *conditores imperiorum*, or founders of States. With other peoples it has been pleasant to invest them with the colors of poetry and romance. It is to the immortal gods that Romulus traces his ancestry; and the shadowy Arthur who leads the line of Britain's kings is the poetic type of piety, truth, and courage. But the founders of New England we know as they were; nor is there any danger in an age that differs so widely from that in which they lived that their defects will not be pointed out and their shortcomings clearly exposed. These men are revealed to us alike by their acts and their own written words. Learned beyond any body of men who ever went forth to tempt the fortunes of a new world, their habit of self-inspection, and, above all, that of bearing true witness, give them to us in their diaries and their notebooks as they were. We see them in their weakness and their strength. In that which they came to do, they were thoroughly in earnest. In the path they had marked out they intended to walk; those who would walk with them were welcome; for others they had no place. If success was theirs, they were willing to ascribe all the glory to God; but they

knew that in these latter days he works by human means and human agencies, and that it was for them to seek to compass all for which they prayed. They believed in the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; but the sword of Gideon was the good weapon that hung in their own belts, and whose hilt was within the grasp of their own strong right hands. They looked for no miracles to be wrought: the ground must be tilled if it was to bring forth bread; the forest must be felled if there were to be fields and pastures; the sea must be vexed by their lines and nets if they would eat of its fish. They had brought with them an educated clergy trained in the great English universities: they did not propose to be separated from the instructions of its knowledge and culture; unless these could grow and increase as wealth and numbers came to them, they that builded the city would have builded it in vain. "Learning," to use their own fine expression, was not "to be buried in the graves of the fathers."

As they sat together in the rude chamber where the General Court met, November 7, 1636, could we have looked upon them, they would have seemed to our eyes plain in dress and manners and stern in aspect, for the responsibilities upon them were heavy and solemn; yet we should have seen also how high resolve, earnest purpose, devoted faith, dignified and ennobled their grave and manly features. Henry Vane was there, —

"Vane young in years, yet in sage counsel old,"

as Milton has written of him; Hugh Peters was there; both afterwards to die upon the scaffold for their stern assertion of the liberties of England. John Winthrop was there, and without question, as he is always seen in our Annals, sweet and calm, wise and brave. Of all that was there said nothing is preserved; neither diary, memorandum, nor notebook yield a word, although carefully and lovingly searched. What they did the record tells. Yet the illustrious orator who stood fifty years ago where I most unworthily stand to-day, imagined in words well befitting the occasion the speech which John Winthrop might have made; and we join in the aspiration with which it concludes: "So long as New England or America hath a name on the earth's surface, the fame and the fruit of this day's work shall be blessed."

These men were in many respects, certainly in lofty conception, above the age in which they lived: nowhere can it be said that they fell below it. Yet neither they nor any body of men ever burst through the environment of the temper and thought of the age in which their lot was cast. If they were intolerant of other modes of belief, this was the result of their peculiar political situation rather than of indifference to the rights of others. When power fully came to them, as it did come in England, the belief of others was respected. Every sect in its weakness counsels toleration; but Mr. Hume, one of the bitterest of their critics, says of them: "Of all Christian

sects, this was the first which during its prosperity as well as its adversity always adopted the principle of toleration."

Certainly this college bears no marks of intolerance, if that charge can rightfully be brought elsewhere against the founders of New England. Established primarily for theological instruction; he whose name it bears, and whose gift made its existence possible, a clergyman; controlled by the ministry at a time when in all the affairs of the colony their influence was little less than paramount, — the liberal spirit of each charter and constitution it has received has been such that its advantages and privileges have been at the disposal of all, irrespective of differences of belief. Let every one that thirsteth come and drink freely. No creed was ever to be signed, no form of faith professed, no catechism answered by student or professor. In reverent faith its founders entertained the then prevalent doctrines of the Protestant Church. Their difference with the Anglican Church had been one of ritual and discipline rather than of doctrine. They must have understood how large an instrument of authority and influence a great seat of learning is in its sway over opinion, but they did not seek to control it by any formulas which should bind the consciences of those who resorted to it.

The quarter of a millennium which has elapsed since the foundation of our college carries us back even more than is indicated merely by the number

of its years. It marks the dawn of the present era in literature and science. Shakespeare and Bacon were but a few years dead; Milton was yet in his youth; Newton was still to come. With all the advance of what may be called modern Europe our University is identified, and steadily it must adapt itself in its high office of instruction to the wants of each generation and its growing needs. Firmly fixed, it stands upon the rocks; but the guidance which it shall give to those who look for its light must be such as they can follow through every channel that learning or science may hereafter discover. The control which its Alumni have by electing its overseers imposes on us the duty of ultimately determining what changes shall from time to time be made, and how it shall best fulfil its great office. It is a grave and solemn trust, to be administered in reverent gratitude to those who have gone before us, whose labors we have enjoyed, and in the earnest wish that those who may follow us may reap an abundant harvest from the seed we shall sow. Proportions vary; relations change. The mighty march which has been made in physical science; the carefully guarded secrets which Nature, pursued and tortured in a thousand ways, has been compelled to reveal; the powers and forces which have been discovered and applied to the service of man, — have changed the relative position which the arts and sciences must hereafter occupy in any system of general education. The literature of modern Europe, including that

of our own English tongue, to which our own countrymen have contributed much, could not be said to have had an existence on the day when our college was founded. It necessarily demands and must receive a larger place, as it embodies what is best and noblest in modern thought. Yet it does not follow that our obligation to that of the classic ages is to be denied or disowned. Nor need we feel that what has done so much to dignify and elevate the life of man will lose its genial influence, that the language immortalized by "Tully's voice and Virgil's lay and Livy's pictured page" is to be forgotten, or that the mighty instrument of thought and speech with which Demosthenes fulmined over Greece is to be cast aside as broken and useless.

But whatever changes are to come to our University, its faithful spirit in the culture of knowledge is not to change; nor will it ever be discouraged in the attempt to establish the foundations of that noble and high character which makes useful men able in their own persons to exhibit exalted lives. Apart from all direct instruction, religious or moral, there should be an atmosphere which shall impart to those around whom it flows an inspiration to be worthy and true. In the theocracy of the Puritans, those educated here were to be its churchmen, statesmen, and leaders of its people. All this is changed; but it does not therefore follow that leaders are no longer to exist. We have passed out from the

age of authority, but the foundations upon which authority should rightfully exist are not therefore destroyed. There was never a time when philanthropic effort met a more generous response, when wise and mature thought met higher appreciation, when carefully considered utterance found larger audience, or when educated men ready to perform the great duties of life could render more efficient service. That this University has fulfilled in a large measure the hopes of its founders in the broad and general aspects in which its anticipated benefits were presented to their minds, we would willingly believe. The list of its scholars, of its lovers of polite literature, of its teachers, its scientists, its statesmen, bears honored and illustrious names. But it is not upon these alone that its fame is to rest. Even if it has been said of the majority of men, "They will have perished as though they had never been, and will become as though they had never been born," this, when spoken of brave and faithful men, such as this college has sent forth by hundreds and even thousands, is far from true. Our vision is weak and narrow: it is only when service is marked and peculiar that to our eyes it becomes apparent. The village Hampdens, "the mute, inglorious" Miltons, do not perish as if they had never been. The professional men, who in their day have served the communities in which they dwelt — the schoolmaster, the physician, the clergyman, who have not only taught but led the way to a higher life — have found here their

moral and intellectual training. Those who have found in commerce or its kindred pursuits their appropriate sphere, or those so placed by fortune that it has not been necessary to pursue the gainful callings of life, have been made here men of feeling and culture, dignifying and elevating the world around them. Men like these mould, educate, and control society. They do not look that any laurel wreath of fame shall adorn their brows; it is enough for them that they are brave and steadfast soldiers in the great army by whose fidelity and courage the world advances.

Nor in the great crises of the nation has it been found heretofore that this college has been unworthy of its high purpose. In the struggles by which the English people fought their own way to civil and religious liberty, in the great debate which preceded the conflict of arms with Great Britain herself, the men educated here were ever prominent. All the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Massachusetts were its children. Nor in the great struggle for national life which came to our own generation were its sons wanting. Certainly, standing in this Hall which pious care has reared to their memory, I cannot forget the young, the beautiful, the brave, who nobly perilled or who nobly surrendered life in that terrible conflict. A subject race has been rescued from bondage; a nation has been lifted from the thraldom to which itself had been condemned by its own toleration; and the integrity of the Union has been

established forever. Such a cause has consecrated those who have died in its defence.

By these festival rites we surrender to the century that is to follow this University. Adorned, improved, and with greater capacity for the noble work of education, it certainly is; nor will we forget the noble spirit by which its founders were actuated. It is not necessary to accept the religious dogmas of the Puritans, or to attach the importance they did to propositions in theology; but we must admire their spirit of self-sacrifice, their sincere desire to elevate their own lives by a faith which lifted them above all that was ignoble in the present, and gilded with a divine light all that was sordid around them. Far below their lofty ideal standards they fell, no doubt, yet these were ever above them. Wealth, rank, worldly success, were nothing; where truth led the way they were to follow; what duty commanded, that they were to do. To them much that we see around us would appear strange; these splendid edifices, these

> "storied windows richly dight,
> Casting their dim, religious light,"

would seem at variance with the simplicity they loved; but we will not doubt our communion with them so long as we are loyal to truth and duty. Nor, if thus faithful, will we doubt that the calm scholar whose figure, moulded by a skilful hand, sits in perennial youth at our portals, were he to come again in bodily presence, would fail to recog-

nize us as the children for whom his bounty was intended.

The structure that has been reared here contains in itself all the elements of growth and permanence. In each age, those who are to follow us shall repair, restore, and renew it as wisdom and knowledge shall instruct them. The sands of the desert are piled high above the monuments which Egyptian kings have reared to commemorate their conquests and their renown; those of graceful and artistic Greece, and of mighty Rome, crumble and fall into the dust, — but if their sons are faithful, against this edifice of our fathers the waves of time shall beat in vain. No creeping ivy shall throw out its green and flaunting banner from ruined battlements; but above its towers, strengthened by the noblest thought of each coming age, shall float forever our simple word, "VERITAS."

ADDRESS BEFORE THE LOYAL LEGION

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL SHERIDAN,
NOVEMBER 7, 1888.

Mr. Commander and Companions, — As we gather at our first autumnal meeting, there is a shadow thrown over it by the reflection that since we last assembled we have been called to part with the illustrious soldier who was the head of our national organization. In obedience to the direction of our Commander, I rise to speak some words, inadequate although they must be, of him, and of the love and honor in which we held him.

If the hour of friendly intercourse, when hand clasps hand in affectionate recognition, is saddened, it is dignified also by the remembrance of what General Sheridan has been to the country of which we, in our more humble capacity, as well as he, have been soldiers. We would recall him to-night not in sorrow only, but in honor, in gratitude for what we have received, not less than in regret for what we have lost. He is but a little in advance on the path we all must travel, as the great historic events in which we have been actors pass into history. It is agreeable to remember that he was the guest of this Commandery for a few days dur-

ing the past winter, when each one of us enjoyed his cordial greeting. His life ebbed away, too, on the shores of the southern bay of Massachusetts, where he had made his summer home; and it was the sad privilege of some of our companions to aid in bearing his remains to the train which was to conduct them to our national capital, there to rest forever among those who have offered their lives for the Republic.

The occasion is not adapted for an elaborate address; yet you will pardon me if I briefly touch on some of the events in the career of General Sheridan, for of him it may properly be said that his deeds are his eulogy.

Born at Somerset, in Ohio, on March 6, 1831, he graduated from West Point in the class of 1853. He was a captain in the Thirteenth Infantry at the beginning of the war, and for more than a year thereafter rendered staff duty, which, if valuable, called for ability of quite a different order from that which he subsequently displayed. It was not until the 27th of May, 1862, that he received an appointment as colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. This gave him the first opportunity for the display of his abilities in the field, and they were not long concealed. Joining, with his regiment, in the operations which accompanied the evacuation of Corinth, his dash, vigor, and judgment were at once recognized. On the 1st of July, in command, as colonel, of a brigade of cavalry, composed of but two regiments (one his own), at

Booneville, in Mississippi, some twenty miles in front of our main army, he was attacked by General Chalmers, with a force of some five or six thousand men, — at least three times his own number. This little battle, now almost forgotten, when so many larger conflicts arrest the attention, was one of the most remarkable in the war, for it ended not only in his beating off the enemy, but in putting him to utter rout. Here he won his first star, and his commission as brigadier. Were there time to recall the details of it, you would recognize how fully it shows the characteristics he afterwards exhibited on larger fields. As a general he was essentially aggressive. If compelled to fight, having inferior numbers to his adversary, he yet held it was better to attack than to wait the attack of the enemy. Self-confident, but in no vain-glorious way, naturally sanguine and full of resources, his fiery and almost audacious courage suggested to him plans which might have seemed rash, but that his vigor in execution demonstrated that they could be successfully carried out. He said, in conversation here last winter, "Some generals, and pretty good ones too, fight a battle so that they shall be sure not to be beaten themselves; but I always fight to beat the other man." This was the key to his tactics and his success. It was from "the nettle danger" that, like Hotspur, he strove to "pluck the flower safety." Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that he lacked prudence. In all that wariness and skill

could do to accomplish his results he was never wanting.

We speak of General Sheridan often as a cavalry general; but for more than a year and a half after the battle to which I have alluded he commanded infantry; and his subsequent command of the Army of the Shenandoah, and his conduct of the pursuit of Lee, show how thoroughly he understood each of the great arms of the service.

In September, 1862, he was transferred to a division in the Army of the Ohio, fighting in the successful battle of Perryville, under Buell. Assigned to a division in the Army of the Cumberland, at Murfreesborough, in December, 1862, he bore his part most gallantly, under Rosecrans, in that terrible, and, at first, doubtful day. The battle went against us in the wing of the army where his division fought; and after repulsing four successive attacks, his command was finally compelled to fall back to a position where he rallied it, and held it firmly against the enemy, who tried in vain to complete the victory, and who were the next day obliged to abandon the field. For his skilful handling of his troops he received the warmest praise from Rosecrans, who recommended him for promotion as a major-general, a distinction which was promptly accorded.

At Chickamauga, in September of the following year, he still commanded a division of the Army of the Cumberland. The defeat received there by us was, on the whole, in its anticipated results, the

most serious ever inflicted on the Union arms, for it threatened destruction to our control of the Mississippi Valley, which had been won at so much expense of blood and treasure. Sheridan's own division was in the worst of the disaster. No man had ever greater power of inspiring the troops under him with confidence in himself, and with breathing into them the fire of his own courage, than he. That magnetic quality soldiers who may deservedly be called great from their powers to plan campaigns, and from their strategic capacity, sometimes lack; but no man without it can be on the field a successful general. All that General Sheridan possessed was needed on that day, and was well used. While the stern bravery of Thomas held firmly on his part of the line, Sheridan succeeded in rallying his broken troops and re-forming his line, and he was advancing to support Thomas when he received the order to remain where he was, and allow the army to fall back on him. The day which could not be redeemed from defeat was thus rescued from rout and utter disaster.

It was at the great battle of Chattanooga, on Missionary Ridge, which followed some two months later, that General Grant is believed to have first seen Sheridan's command under fire, and to have begun to form the opinion which he afterwards entertained, that he was unsurpassed in the world as a general on the field and in the immediate command of troops. The defeat of Chickamauga

had been received with dismay; but the battle of Chattanooga — one of the most important won by Grant — not only restored our position, but opened the way for Sherman's march to Atlanta. On the day of the battle, the Army of the Cumberland, then under Thomas, held the centre of the line; and when the hour for the assault came, its troops, among whom the divisions of Wood and Sheridan were foremost, rushed up the mountain wall, clambering from ridge to ridge with a furious energy which swept all before them. Sheridan used to say jestingly that he never knew who ordered such an assault as that; and that "his division, that day, got away from him." It certainly did not get far away, as he too was up when it crowned the mountain crest, fully prepared to direct the stern pursuit of the retreating foe. It had, in fact, been intended, after taking the first line of the enemy's works, to halt and re-form; but the blood of the Army of the Cumberland was up, and in the presence of Hooker on the right, with his Potomac troops, and Sherman on the left, with those from Mississippi, it was ready to show itself worthy of those who had come so far to its support.

General Sheridan came to the East with General Grant, on the appointment of the latter to the command of all the armies of the Union. The Army of the Shenandoah was formed, to be placed under his command late in the summer of 1864. Without alluding, except by name, to Opequan,

Winchester, and Fisher's Hill, the battle of Cedar Creek, as illustrating his vast power over men, and his courage under circumstances the most adverse, must be mentioned in any sketch of him, however imperfect. His army was skilfully attacked in his absence, one division utterly surprised, and all gradually forced back until, in some portions of his army, the retreat had become a rout. Twenty miles away he heard the roar of the conflict, and, waiting for no aids or guards, he started at once for the field. His very progress was blocked as he neared the field by fugitives, to all of whom he cried, "Go back; go back to your regiments! we will sleep in our old camps to-night," until, for very shame, his voice was listened to. As he reached the field, the rout to some extent had been checked; and two divisions had always stood resolute and firm. His presence on the field was an inspiration, regiment after regiment getting into position, men who could not find their own regiments going into others willingly, all animated by the fire of this daring spirit, who seemed to have come upon the scene, as in the Roman mythology, the war-god himself descended when the battle seemed lost to his children. The line was re-formed; and firmly he awaited the last assault of the Confederate troops, which, vigorously made, was sternly repulsed. And now his own time had come. Riding down his line, received with rapturous cheers by men some of whom had been fugitives but a few hours before, but who were now ready to die for such a leader, as

he cried: "We are going back to the camps we left; we will have back every inch of ground we have lost, — every inch, remember," — the word for the assault was given; all that had been lost was regained, and General Early again went "whirling up the valley."

I do not pretend to be a very wide or accurate reader of military history; but I believe it contains no account of any battle utterly lost that has been redeemed by the wisdom, the valor, the inspiration that came from only one man. Great fields have indeed often been recovered by the opportune arrival of fresh troops, led by a competent general. Marengo, which Napoleon always felt to be one of the greatest of his victories, seemed at the middle of the day so clearly lost that the Austrian general had retired to his tent, leaving the pursuit to his second in command. General Desaix, who had been despatched in a different direction, had marched at the sound of the cannon, and without orders, at once to the scene of the conflict. Behind him were more than ten thousand of the best troops of the French Army. "What do you think of the battle, Desaix?" said Bonaparte to him. "I think, General Bonaparte, this battle is lost; but before nightfall, with myself and my troops, you will be sure to win another." The result proved the accuracy of his prediction, although the brave soldier who uttered it gave his own life to verify it. But at Cedar Creek, out of a broken, dispirited, almost formless mob, one man alone had re-created an

army, had filled it full with his own patriotic courage, and led it to victory over a foe flushed with success, to which it had yielded seven or eight miles of ground. If Sheridan swore a little while he was doing this, as Dr. Bartol thinks he may have done, I am altogether of the Reverend Doctor's opinion also, that he swore in sustaining a great and holy cause, — that of his country; and I trust that the accusing angel did not deem it necessary to write down every hot word against him.

In this matter of swearing some injustice has been done General Sheridan. The makers of anecdotes spice them high, and do not shrink from slight exaggeration. Remember what a battle-field is, — that it is no place for calm discussion, but for instant action. If in such moments he used some of those expletives in which the English language is said to be peculiarly rich, remember the intense excitement and ardent passion in which he had to speak. In no sense was General Sheridan a coarsely or vulgarly profane man, far less was he a contemner or despiser of sacred things. He was faithful to the Church in which he had been reared, respectful to its ordinances and its ministers always.

It was the intention of General Grant not only to defeat Lee in the spring of 1865, — which, in an earlier stage of the war, would have been enough, — but to compel his surrender. It would have been a grave disaster if, escaping, he could unite with Johnston, and, moving towards the southwest,

could continue the war. In such a struggle, which would turn out to be finally a race between swiftly moving bodies of troops, the cavalry would play a most important part. To command this, and the infantry which would from time to time support it, General Sheridan came from the Valley of Virginia. In giving his orders to pass to the extreme right of the Confederate Army, it was contemplated by Grant that, in certain contingencies, Sheridan might himself be separated from the Potomac Army and compelled to move towards Sherman. Observing that Sheridan looked somewhat grave at this, General Grant says in his Memoirs, "I told him that, as a matter of fact, I intended to close the war right here with this movement, and that it should go no further. His face at once brightened at this; and slapping his thigh, he said, 'I am glad to hear it, and we can do it.'"

Then followed the attack on the Petersburg line by the Army of the Potomac, while, with matchless skill, Sheridan at Dinwiddie, Five Forks, Jetersville, and Sailor's Creek, checked the retreat of Lee to the southward, and at Appomattox closed the last avenue of escape towards the West with his cavalry and the rapidly moving infantry which sustained it.

His later services, if less splendid than those to which I have called attention, were in a high degree valuable and useful to the country. Made lieutenant-general in 1869, on the promotion of General Sherman, he succeeded to the command of

the army in 1884, and a few months before he died he received, by the title of general, the highest military rank which the country has ever bestowed.

While I have necessarily spoken only of his military achievements, let us remember, as we part from this illustrious chieftain, that he was not merely a soldier with a passion for war. He was an intense believer in the high destiny of this nation, and in the preservation of the American Union. He was a thoroughly patriotic man.

Our citizens of Irish birth and Irish descent have a right to be proud of their record in the Civil War and of the many brave men they contributed to our armies. They have a right also to be proud that this great soldier was of their race and blood. He possessed many of the highest qualities which have distinguished the Irish people. Not having the rare gift of eloquence which has been bestowed so largely upon the countrymen of Burke and Grattan, of Curran and O'Connell, speaking always reluctantly before public audiences, and indeed before gatherings of his old comrades, — when he did thus speak, his keen wit, his terse expression, gave point always to his utterance. But on the battle-field he had the eloquence of intense feeling. He knew just what to say, and how to say it so as to make the deepest impression and insure the readiest response. There his words, short, abrupt, incisive, came with the directness of rifle-shots, cheering the hesitating, fiercely rebuking the reluctant, and directing the storm with a voice that must be obeyed.

To say that he was brave is little, for the same might be said of thousands of other men. While he was fearless as the sabre that swung by his side, he was wise, — regarding the lives of the men he commanded as a trust not to be imperilled except as the result to be expected would justify risk, but when that time came, launching his troops on the enemy like a thunderbolt. Not Murat, whose brilliant charges did so much to win so many of Napoleon's battles; not Prince Rupert, whose fiery courage at the head of the English cavaliers almost saved the crown of his royal kinsman, King Charles, — had more impetuous valor than he; and neither of them in the fury and rage of the onset had a more sound, unerring judgment.

He was generous; no broken soldier approached him who was not kindly received and cordially welcomed. If sometimes quick in temper, he was readily appeased, for his nature was loving and forgiving.

Not the least interesting or least amiable characteristic of the Irish people is their strong attachment to friends and home and family. It was a marked feature in the character of General Sheridan. He was a tender and loving husband; he was a kind father; he was a grateful and devoted son. A few years ago, I had the honor of accompanying General Grant and him from Detroit; and he left us at a way-station in Ohio, saying, "Once a year at least, I try to make a visit to my old mother." Her death, which took place but a little before his own, was concealed from him on account of

the effect it might produce in his then dangerous condition.

But while General Sheridan possessed many of the finest characteristics of the Irish race from which he was descended; while he sympathized warmly, I doubt not, with it in all that it has elsewhere been called to endure, — he was essentially in thought and feeling an American. Born upon the soil of the United States, and within its allegiance, he knew no country but this as his own. Educated at its expense, he was proud to be one of its children. He was ready to live for it; he was ready to die rather than that one stripe should be erased or one star obscured in its glorious ensign. He was national in feeling to his very heart's core. When, without joining in the splendid review at Washington, he was sent by Grant with an army corps to the Rio Grande to notify, by his presence, imperial France that her attempt to break down the Republic of Mexico and establish a monarchy there by the bayonets of Europe must cease, he accepted the duty, and his report shows with what alacrity he did so. No notice was ever more vigorously served, or more promptly responded to.

As we render our tribute to-night to this great soldier, whom we have a right to call by the tender names of "comrade" and "companion," we are reminded how fast the numbers diminish of those who were permitted to survive the war. Meade and Thomas, the fiery Hooker, the chivalrous Hancock, — the head of our Order almost from its organization until his death, — Grant himself, in whom is

united the just renown of all the armies of the Union, are gone. The fall of the leaders tells how sternly and steadily the artillery of time is doing its work. Yet the land itself is nobler and fairer by reason of the brave men who have been ready to die for it.

> "The waters murmur of their name;
> The woods are peopled with their fame."

The mountains seem to lift their heads more loftily, and the rivers to move to the sea with a more majestic sweep as they are ennobled by their memory. While that memory lives, they are not dead, for they stand as an example to which the humblest is entitled, and which the highest cannot afford to despise. They stand as an encouragement to duty and patriotism, and their honor is a part of the inheritance of all their countrymen.

And if (which God avert!) war should come to others, as it came to us, it may be that at the close of some hotly contested day, when it shall be determined to finish with the advance of the old flag which he loved and under which he fought so well, when the word "forward" shall be heard from captain to captain along the line, the name of Sheridan, as a watchword and a battle-cry, shall ring from rank to rank, and from file to file, to inspire all with something of the daring and the courage of this great and heroic soul.

EXTRACTS FROM THREE ADDRESSES

AS PRESIDENT OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ASSOCIATION IN 1887, 1888, 1889.

1887.

While our meeting is primarily for business purposes, custom has permitted to the President, on occasions when no formal address was delivered before the Society, a few words in relation to the great day whose anniversary it is our immediate object to commemorate, or to that series of events which preceded or followed it, and of which it formed an integral and important part. I avail myself of this privilege to remind you that we reach this year the great Centennial of Peace, in which the battle of Bunker Hill and the bloody fields which followed it found their culmination and well-earned reward.

The city of Philadelphia has a name in our Revolutionary annals that will ever be honored. It was in refinement and wealth probably then the first city in the Union. Here had met, in 1774, the first Continental Congress, assembled even before the first blow was struck to assert the rights of the colonies. Here, in 1775, the second Continental Congress had determined upon armed resistance to the arbitrary encroachments of the

Crown, and, upon the suggestion of Mr. John Adams, had, on the 15th day of June (two days only before the battle of Bunker Hill), chosen one of its own delegates, George Washington of Virginia, to be commander-in-chief of all forces raised and to be raised for the struggle. Here too, a year later, on the 4th of July, 1776, adopting for the first time a name forever illustrious, and terming themselves no longer the United Colonies, but the United States of America, our several communities had asserted their right to a place among the nations of the earth and their full and complete independence of the British Crown. From Philadelphia, also, the operations of the war had been directed, and here, except for a brief period, had always sat the Revolutionary Congress. Here, after the Articles of Confederation had gone into effect in 1781, had met its Congress, which a few months later had walked in solemn procession to one of the churches, to return thanks to God for the victory over Cornwallis, which it rightly judged was to terminate the war; and from here the instructions for a definitive treaty of peace and independence had been given, which on the third day of September, 1783, was signed in Paris by the minister of Great Britain, and on our behalf by John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and John Jay.

But, solemn and imposing as these events were, Philadelphia, in the year 1787, was to witness one not less august and dignified. It was the session of the convention which ordained the Constitution

of the United States, and which, assembling on the fourteenth day of May, signed the Constitution, and commended it for ratification to the people of the United States on the 17th of September, 1787. The centennial anniversary of the signature of the Constitution of the United States on the 17th of September will be appropriately celebrated on that day during the present year, under the direction of commissioners from the several States and a committee of citizens and the City Government of Philadelphia. In his annual message to the Legislature, his Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts recommended that provision be made for assuring on this occasion a representation of Massachusetts, in a manner befitting the history and character of this commonwealth. This recommendation, I am informed, has been complied with. Whether it shall be our fortune individually to be present or absent, such a celebration cannot but awaken the profoundest interest in this Association.

To overthrow a well-established government is not an easy task. Many interests of property, many sentiments of affection cling around old institutions, even those which cannot in themselves be commended. It is a far more difficult task out of the confusion which such a downfall creates to rear the structure of a firm, well-ordered State. The difficulties which the American States would have in establishing a firm government when the cohesive pressure of war was withdrawn were

obvious from the first. Their relations each to the other and to foreign governments must be determined and regulated, the strength and power of all must be consolidated, and yet to each must be left complete control of affairs within its own limits. The States achieved their independence each for itself, although as the ally of others; yet to have existed as strictly independent States, bound together only by such treaties as are made between sovereigns, was certainly impossible. The belief that a stable government could never be established by us was, at the close of the war, nearly universal in Europe; it was almost the only consolation of our late King George III., who always took very much to heart what he termed the revolt of America. There was a feeling even of regret in Great Britain that these States had ever been recognized in a treaty collectively, and that peace had not been made with each individually. An eminent British writer scouted the idea that America could ever be a rising empire, as one of the wildest dreams of romance. "The natural antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans," he said, "their difference of governments, habitudes, and manners, indicate that they will have no centre of union and no common interest. They never can be united into one compact empire under any form of government whatever. A disunited people till the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little common-

wealths or principalities, according to natural boundaries, by great bays of the sea and by vast rivers, lakes, and ridges of mountains."

Frederick the Great, who might be looked upon as a disinterested observer of the conflict between Great Britain and her subjects, said in 1782 that "he was persuaded that the American Union could not long subsist under its present form." and held that no inference could be drawn in favor of the American colonies from the States of Venice, Holland, and Switzerland, whose situation and circumstances were entirely different.

The gravity of the problem had not diminished in the years that had intervened since the treaty of peace in 1783. On the contrary, the experience of those years showed clearly that, defective as the government of the Confederation was in time of war, it was even more inadequate in time of peace. The Continental Congress had no defined powers; it boldly seized on all which it could enforce either by will and energy or persuasion. The Congress of the Confederation came into existence only in time to take part, in 1781, in the last of the Revolutionary struggle. It was precisely what the name imports, — a league and alliance, and nothing more. If it could incur debts, it could provide no means of paying them, for the revenue must be raised by the States themselves. It could provide for an army; but it was for the States to furnish the money and the men. The Articles of Confederation declared, indeed, that

it was their duty to do this; but if they failed, there were no means of coercion. A government which controls neither purse nor sword, it is needless to say, is but a "mockery king." These defects were at the outset so readily seen that Washington early urged that there must be a power to compel the States to comply with the requisitions made on them for men and money, and expressed his fear that "after gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpations of Britain, we may fall a prey to our own follies and disputes."

It needed, however, the experience of the four years that followed the war to satisfy the people of the United States that a stronger government must be established. Reluctant as were the several States to yield up any of the powers which they claimed as independent States, yet if there was to be a national sovereignty, while it might be one of defined and limited powers, it must be supreme within those powers, capable of enforcing its own decrees without resort to any agencies but its own. The States of the Union had nearly all adopted written constitutions; that of Massachusetts, which is in substantial respects the same as that under which we now live, had been established by a convention called, by a curious coincidence, on the seventeenth day of June, 1780. It is the work in its essential parts of John Adams; and he claimed with justice that in making it he aided in making that of the United States. The constitutions of all the American States insist, in

opposition to the concessions made by monarchical governments, that all power resides with the people; that it is because the people have granted the right, that those who govern, do so rightfully; and that from them and of such a character must be the grant to any national government.

That there should be a period of great exhaustion after a war like that for independence was to have been expected. But it was now seen that the great want was of a definitely settled government, competent to make war and peace, to make treaties, to regulate commerce, to control the jealousies between the States, and to maintain its own powers, while it sustained a republican government in every State.

Such a government was formed by the convention which one hundred years ago to-day was in session at Philadelphia. While the weakness and defects of the Confederation had been often pointed out; while the bitter controversies almost ready to break into open war between certain of the States were known; while the difficulty of maintaining public order (never more conspicuously broken than in the Shays' Rebellion in Massachusetts, whose consequences had been averted only by the courage and prudence of Governor Bowdoin) had been recognized, — it was by the invitation of Virginia to the other States that this great convention was summoned. There are many days in the history of that ancient commonwealth worthy of honorable mention. No more generous act was ever done

than her surrender to all the States of her claim to the vast and fertile region which lay between her western boundaries and the Mississippi, which passed under the great Ordinance of 1787, which provided that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude therein. Yet, side by side with this, may well be placed her frank, bold, clearly expressed summons to her sister States to convene for the purpose of constructing a firm and united government. "The general assembly of this Commonwealth," she said, speaking by the pen of Madison, "can no longer doubt that the crisis is arrived at which the people of America are to decide the solemn question whether they will, by wise and magnanimous action, reap the fruit of independence and union; or whether, by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests, they will renounce the blessings prepared for them by the Revolution."

The convention which met in May, 1787, had before it a solemn and most arduous task, in view of the imminence of the peril and of its consciousness of the dangers of disorder and anarchy with which the people of the United States were surrounded. The smaller States desired a government strictly federal, in which the power of the States should be equal. The system of slavery prevailed throughout the Southern States, and its existence must be recognized. It had substantially ceased to exist in the Eastern and Middle States, although it had distinctly been abolished in

only one, and that our own State of Massachusetts, — and here not by direct words, but by a judicial decision of the Supreme Court of the State, rendered at Worcester in 1783, which pronounced it wholly irreconcilable with the Constitution of the State adopted two years before, and especially with the admirable Bill of Rights which forms its preamble. Upon this case, so remarkable in the history of the State, Mr. Justice Gray, now of the Supreme Court of the United States, has written a most interesting paper.

It was necessary yet difficult for the convention to draw a proper line between the powers of a national government and those of the several States. It is obvious that whatever objects of government were confined in their operation and effect within the boundaries of any particular State should be considered as belonging to the government of that State; while those objects of government which extended in their operation and effects beyond the boundaries of any individual State should be considered as belonging to the Union. But a principle easy to state as an abstract proposition is often far from easy in actual application.

It was early seen that whatever government was created must emanate directly from the people, and not from the States as such, in order that the allegiance of every citizen should be due alike to the Union and to the State in which he lived. It must have the power of raising its own revenues, and the means of compelling obedience to

its own lawful decrees. It was by reason of the want of this that not only the Confederation, but all other purely federative systems historically known to us, have failed to create a strong and effective nationality; it is because the Constitution of the United States had this power that it has made of us collectively a people and a nation.

It is not my intention, of course, here to recall the various alternations of hope and anxiety through which the convention passed during the four months of its session. Indeed, it is somewhat hard for any one to do this. Its history is gathered only from the faithful memoranda of Mr. Madison, the known opinions of its members, and their subsequent recollections. No formal record of its debates was kept; the era of reporting had not come. It sat, indeed, with closed doors; but as against the omnipresent reporter of the present day, closed doors, as you well know, are but feeble barriers.

Yet I would willingly, if I might, roll back the mists of the century that lies between us, and look upon the faces of two or three of the chief actors in this great historic transaction, as they sat in the modest hall where were gathered the statesmen of the Revolution, anxious to preserve by a definite organization all that its soldiers had won.

Washington, soldier and statesman alike, was its presiding officer. No man realized more fully than he the weakness of the Confederation under which we had been living; for with all the aid it

had been able to afford him, his struggles to keep his little army in the field had been almost desperate. All his experience and all his observation had convinced him that obedience to the orders of a general government could not be expected, unless it was provided with the means of enforcing them. For the position of president of the convention he was exactly constituted. While he had studied and meditated long on the great problems of government; while he spoke well and forcibly after careful preparation, for he was not a debater, nor adapted to the controversies of the floor, — his wisdom, his moderation, his calm dignity, fitted him admirably to direct the current of the debate; and his exalted character, his unexampled services, and the universal and profound respect felt for him in the country rendered his presence and countenance necessary in this attempt to establish a government.

That, after Washington, to two men more than to any others (and large as the services of others were) we are indebted for the formation of the Constitution of the United States, is generally conceded. These were James Madison and Alexander Hamilton. Destined to be politically divided later in life, they were, in this work, which bears throughout the indelible marks of the hand of each, cordially united. The very difference in the opinions they held contributed to the perfection of their work. It was for them also, when at a subsequent period the Constitution was submitted for

ratification, to defend it in all its parts before the people of their respective States, and especially before the people of all the States, in a series of essays known as the "Federalist," of which about three quarters were written by Mr. Hamilton and one quarter by Mr. Madison. They are quoted still, whenever a constitutional question is discussed, as giving its contemporaneous construction.

Mr. Madison was strictly a civilian and publicist. He had entered the Continental Congress near the close of the war, in 1780, with a reputation which had not then extended beyond the boundaries of his native State; but it had not required the experience of either the Continental Congress, or of the congresses of the Confederation which followed, to develop him into a national statesman. Although not coming from a commercial State, he had from the first seen the necessity of so enlarging the powers of Congress that it should control the foreign commerce of the country. He was now nearly forty years of age, and in the full ripeness of his powers. Possessed of a sufficient fortune, his patriotism and his taste had caused him to devote his life to the public and to the great questions which were then pressing upon it. His grasp of such questions was firm and strong, and no man was ever more sincerely desirous of the good of the whole country. His industry was extraordinary, surpassing that of any of our statesmen, unless it be Mr. John Quincy Adams. His powers of debate were great,

and he had full command of all his resources when he was on his feet, — "never wandering from his subject," says Mr. Jefferson, "into vain declamation, but pursuing it closely in language pure, classical, and copious, and soothing always the feelings of his adversaries by civilities and softness of expression." These powers enabled him afterwards, when the question of the adoption of the Constitution was discussed before the people of Virginia, successfully to encounter even the fervid declamation of the great orator of the Revolution, Patrick Henry.

Yet that no man in that great convention stood above Alexander Hamilton must be admitted by all; and it would not be worth while now to consider whether he might not properly be assigned distinctively the first place. He had, in the words of Washington, "all the qualities essential to a great military character;" but he united with these the strongest ability as a jurist and the widest capacity as a statesman. He was at this time but thirty years of age. In the early maturity of his powers there is but one statesman of the British race known to us who can compare with him. It is the second William Pitt, who was prime minister of England at twenty-four years of age. The political life of Hamilton may be said to have begun at the age of seventeen. At that time, in 1774, while a student in college, he had written a series of essays in answer to the Tory pamphlets of the day, which produced upon

the public mind the strongest impression, and which evinced a grasp of the whole controversy and a vigor of thought well worthy of any statesman. Before he was nineteen years old he became a captain of artillery in the Continental Army; and when only twenty years of age, in 1777, he was selected by Washington as one of his aids, serving with him in that capacity until 1782, when he took his seat in the Congress of the Confederation. During these years of military service he wrote much on the financial condition of the country, the defects of the government, and the want of a real executive power. He was early impressed, while a young man of twenty-three, with the necessity of a national system of credit, finance, and government. and by pointing this out, led the way to our later Union. In the Convention of 1787 he was the champion of Nationalism; nor did this in any way seem to him inconsistent with the just powers and duties of the States, whose expanding glories he delighted to point out, as well as that of the Union as the guardian and the security of them all. He loved liberty intensely, but it seemed to him that it could be preserved only in a permanent and settled government. The charge — for it is hardly less — that has been sometimes imputed to him, that he desired a monarchical government, has long since been refuted. He knew America thoroughly, and the tone and temper of its people as it had been developed in the years since 1774, and that no

such government was desirable or even possible. But he did believe in a republic fully competent to assert itself: if it could not have strength and stability, "it would be," in his own words, "disgraced and lost to ourselves; disgraced and lost to mankind forever." He doubted, when the work was done, whether the government was sufficiently strong, although he cordially accepted it as the best that was practicable. But he had builded better than he knew. To him and to those national statesmen, like Mr. Webster, who followed him, that political faith is due which has since carried the nation triumphantly through its struggle for existence.

It was the sad fate of Mr. Hamilton to die in early middle life, in the full maturity of his splendid powers and with years of usefulness and of noble fame before him, — a victim to the false code of honor which still asserted its sway. It was the happy lot of Mr. Madison, after years of honorable service as the Secretary of State and President of the Republic he had aided to create, to live to an advanced age, when party feelings had long been forgotten, and when a whole people did honor to his exalted patriotism, his high services, his pure and noble character. But their names are forever associated each with the other in the great instrument which their combined genius, wisdom, and noble purposes did so much to create.

If I have mentioned their names individually, I have not forgotten the great men with whom they

were associated. No body of men ever assembled with higher or more disinterested objects, more ready to concede to the just claims of others, more conscious of the great trusts imposed upon them. Many of them had borne nobly their part, whether in civil or military life, in the scenes of the Revolution. The great experiment made when the States renounced the authority of the British Crown, they knew had now come to its final test. Liberty had been won ; but now there must be union, or the only liberty worth having — that which is embodied in free institutions, and guarded and protected by law — would itself be lost. It was on the 17th of September, one hundred years ago, that the convention completed its work. Its difficulties had been great; New York had retired by a majority of its delegates, and left Hamilton alone. While he doubted as to some of the features of the Constitution, as a whole he had supported it with his strong logical reasoning and his noble eloquence, and he remained to give to its recommendation at least his individual name.

Its signature was an act of grave importance, not unworthy to be compared with that of the Declaration. Whether it would be ratified by the people of the several States was uncertain, and if it was not, the dangers of the situation were far from imaginary. Washington, as he signed his name, expressed his fears that if the people should reject this Constitution, the opportunity would never again offer to cancel another in peace. To Hamilton, "the

establishment of a constitution in a time of profound peace by a voluntary consent of a whole people, seemed," as he says, "a prodigy to which he looked forward with trembling anxiety."

Mr. Madison preserves an anecdote of Dr. Franklin, however, which on his part shows a more hopeful spirit. The genial old man was now eighty-two years of age, and had taken his full share in the labors of the Convention; as the last members were signing, he looked towards the back of the President's chair, where the representation of a sun was painted, and remarked that painters in their art had often found it difficult to distinguish between a rising and a setting sun. "I have," said he, "often and often, in the course of the session and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to the issue, looked at that behind the President without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now at length I have the happiness to know it is a rising and not a setting sun."

So rose, on that September day, the sun of a great, free, well-ordered government. It rose above three millions of people and thirteen States that fringed the Atlantic coast. It shines to-day above sixty millions of people, and over an imperial Union whose gateways are on the Atlantic and the Pacific seas, and which has bound together, as with a golden cord, thirty-eight States and nine Territories. "The Constitution of the United States," says Mr. Gladstone in substance (I do not quote

his exact words), "is the most wonderful instrument of government ever constructed in a definite time by the hand of man." In the largest measure it has fulfilled for us all its great objects. It has formed a more perfect Union, established justice, insured domestic tranquillity, provided for the common defence, and secured the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. The ultimate justification of every revolution must be found in the ability to construct a better government than that which is overthrown. It is the government which the convention of 1787 created which justifies the Revolution. Deeds become great by the consequences which follow them.

We meet to-day to commemorate a battle indeed, but it is the civic consequences which followed, that have made it renowned. It is the step that was then taken, in the assertion of the great principle that all power comes from the people, that it is the right of each nation to govern itself through such free institutions as it may designate, and it is the successful demonstration of that principle in the establishment of the Constitution under which we have lived and prospered for an hundred years, which render the battle of Bunker Hill worthy of eternal memory. If the tranquillity which the Constitution sought to insure has once been broken by a great civil strife, let us rejoice that its fiercer utterances have long since died away; that the Constitution has shown its full capacity to vindicate itself in a tempest wilder than its framers

could ever have foreboded even in their most anxious and despondent hours, and that all now acknowledge its firm but genial and beneficent sway. Had these things been otherwise; had it been found impossible in 1787 to frame a government; had civil commotions, whose dark shadow was already above us, followed, — such as have more than once destroyed the liberties of republics and induced the friends of peace and order to take refuge even under arbitrary power, — the battle of Bunker Hill would have been remembered indeed as a field of magnificent valor and courage, where a few hundred New England yeomanry had encountered and again and again hurled back the resolute assaults of the best soldiers of Europe: but only thus, and not, as now, as a distinct mark in the history of civilization and of the progress of liberty.

Tenderly and respectfully, then, I am sure, gentlemen, we all recall that great convention which was sitting in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787; and we shall unite in grateful sympathy with every celebration by which honor is sought to be done to its great and crowning act.

1888.

Our society, gentlemen, connects itself so closely with the whole history of the Revolutionary era, that if I have not already exhausted your patience, I am tempted to call your attention to two events of interest which this year have reached their centennial anniversary.

The settlement of the Northwest Territory, which now contains the great and powerful States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, began on the arrival at Marietta of the colony which was led by General Rufus Putnam, April 7, 1788. It was commemorated there last April by an oration from Senator Hoar, and addresses from many distinguished gentlemen, especially one from Hon. J. Randolph Tucker of Virginia. This expedition was the result of a meeting in Boston, at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, on March 1, 1786, whose call was especially addressed to all officers and soldiers of the late war who might wish to become purchasers of lands in the Ohio country. It was to be led by General Rufus Putnam, of Massachusetts; and it was determined that those only should go who were men of some means, of character, and who intended to become actual residents of the new country. The State of Virginia, with unexampled generosity, had surrendered her claim to this vast and fertile region to the Congress of the Confederation. The scheme for the settlement of it occupied a very near place in Washington's heart. He was the counsellor and friend of General Putnam at every stage of its progress. Yet while they were willing to purchase the lands they desired for the Ohio Company, as it was called, those who controlled the plan in Massachusetts felt that there must be guaranteed to them civil and religious liberty in their new homes, and that slavery should not exist therein. While Putnam was to superin-

tend the expedition, Dr. Manasseh Cutler was the envoy to Congress to settle definitely these important points. The Ordinance of 1787 was the last great act of that Congress so soon to pass away, and it crowned its long and checkered career with glorious light. By that ordinance neither slavery nor involuntary servitude was ever to exist in the States to be formed from the Northwest Territory. Nor should it be forgotten that in this great act the representatives of Virginia concurred with those of Massachusetts, as it passed with the objection of but a single vote. I intend, of course, but a passing allusion to this great event; but to us it is of profound interest in many ways. To quote a remark of Mr. George W. Curtis, although not with verbal accuracy, no body of men have ever impressed themselves on a whole nation as the Puritan founders of New England. This colony was the first swarm from the New England hive. It finally embraced nearly fifty officers of the Revolutionary Army; it was led by one of the best men that Massachusetts ever produced. He was a lieutenant-colonel in a Worcester County regiment on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, and became an engineer of the American Army on the arrival of Washington. He planned and executed the last works on Dorchester Heights, by which General Howe was compelled either to fight or to fly. Although mainly self-taught, he was a natural mathematician, and in a letter to Congress Washington said of him that he was the best engineer, French

or American, that the army ever had. He was of the near kindred, a cousin, of General Israel Putnam, with whom he is often confounded. Fort Putnam and the remains of the fortifications which still exist at West Point were constructed by him, as a part of the plan for the capture of Burgoyne, by preventing his junction with the British troops at New York. These are often erroneously supposed to have been the work of General Israel Putnam, whose abilities were rather those of courage and action in the field. The confusion, however, is very natural, as General Israel Putnam actually commanded the troops at that part of the Hudson River, and in a certain sense, there directed the works.

But the profoundest interest in this colony still is due to the fact that it went forth to make of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Ordinance of 1787 living realities, and that millions live in the enjoyment of liberty and prosperity to bless its founders for their noble enterprise. Virginia and Massachusetts — I use the words of Senator Hoar — "may well clasp each other's hands anew as they survey the glory of their work. These two States, the two oldest of the sisterhood, — the State which framed the first written constitution, and the State whose founders framed the compact on the "Mayflower;" the State which produced Washington, and the State which summoned him to his high command; the State whose son drafted the Declaration of Indepen-

dence, and the State which furnished its leading advocate on the floor; the mother of John Marshall, and the mother of the President who appointed him; the State which gave the general, and the State which furnished the largest number of soldiers, to the Revolution; the State which gave the territory of the Northwest, and the State which gave its first settlers, — may well delight to remember that they share between them the honor of the authorship of the Ordinance of 1787. . . . The estrangements of four years have not obliterated the common and tender memories of two centuries."

The centennial anniversary of the other event to which I would allude is to be celebrated this week in Concord, N. H., by an address before the Historical Society and the citizens. Simple as I understand the ceremony is to be, the act commemorated is one of the highest magnitude. We spoke at our last meeting of the convention to form the Constitution of the United States, which was in session a hundred years before in Philadelphia. As recommended to the people, it was provided that it should go into full effect when it had received the assent of nine of the thirteen States, and to the Congress of the Confederation was intrusted, as its last duty, that of then setting in operation the new government. The year that followed was one of immense anxiety. The Constitution was in fact, as Mr. John Quincy Adams has said, "extorted from the grinding necessities of unwilling States." To us who have known no other govern-

ment than this; who have seen in how large measure it has fulfilled the noble words of the preamble, which declare that it is ordained by the people of the United States "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity,"— it is somewhat difficult to understand the serious opposition it encountered. The causes of it are not, however, far to seek. It involved the relinquishment of some of their own highest powers of government by the States, and the consequent fear that those thus relinquished might be used disadvantageously to them. The small States were apprehensive of being crushed by the larger, while the latter felt that too much power had been conceded to the former. The system of slavery, from its very nature demanding peculiar guaranties, had strong influence in some, although not all, the slaveholding States. Nor had the Constitution of the United States been preceded by a bill or declaration of rights, such as then and now precedes the Constitution of Massachusetts, and such as were in existence in most of the other States of the Union. Such a declaration, asserting the equal rights of all before the law, — freedom of speech and of the press, freedom of conscience in religious matters, freedom of elections, security against unreasonable searches and seizures or excessive fines or punishments, trial by jury in civil and criminal cases, the

protection of property against public use except on full compensation, the independence of the judiciary, — would have comprehended only the great principles of English liberty as we had always asserted them. It was said in the convention that this was unnecessary ; that the government to be formed was one of limited powers ; that these principles were applicable to the relation between the States and their immediate citizens ; and that so far as they were appropriate to the general government they were necessarily implied. Whatever may be the logical merit of this answer, and it certainly has some, it did not take into account the natural feeling of a people proud of their liberty, who had endured great sacrifices to maintain it, and who were jealous of surrendering the power they possessed into other hands without ample security against its abuse. It was therefore one of the few mistakes made by the convention, that it had not accompanied the Constitution with a solemn assertion of the great principles of liberty which formed its groundwork. All these are found in the first ten amendments to the Constitution, passed in pursuance of its provisions, and so nearly contemporaneously with it as to be treated now almost as an original part. They were all proposed at the first session of the First Congress.

As the Constitution was to be operative on all the people, it was determined by the convention that it must be adopted by the people themselves in each State, acting through conventions specially

called for the purpose by the legislatures of their respective States. Although the convention of Pennsylvania, at the instance of Franklin, who was the President, as he was termed, of the State, and who thus rendered his last great public service, was called previously to that of Delaware, the latter has the honor of being the first to accept the Constitution, which it did on the 6th day of December, 1787, at a convention in Dover in that State, and by a unanimous vote. Nor does the language used want anything in explicitness, for the record says, "The deputies of the Delaware State fully, freely, and entirely approved of, assented to, ratified, and confirmed the Federal Constitution," and on the next day each delegate subscribed his name. It was in the debate in the convention of Pennsylvania that the objection to the Constitution arising from the fact that it was not prefaced by a bill of rights first became manifest. But, excited by the example of Delaware, the Federalists (of course I use the word as it was then used, indicating supporters of the Constitution, and not as afterwards used, when it designated a great political party) determined to press the matter to a close; and on the 12th of December, 1787, by a vote of two to one, the Constitution was adopted, Pennsylvania thus proving herself worthy of the name she has sometimes received, as the keystone of the American arch. New Jersey followed by a unanimous vote on the 18th of December; and thus the three central States of the Union formed a pillar of strength in

all the subsequent controversy. On the 2d of January, 1788, Georgia unanimously ratified the Constitution in convention at Augusta; and Connecticut on the 9th of January, at Hartford, followed her example by a majority of three to one.

Much anxiety was now felt as to the action of the convention in Massachusetts, which was to assemble on the same day as that on which the convention in Connecticut finished its work. It was known that there was a strong party in Massachusetts opposed to the Constitution, and her example might be decisive of the project. Madison and Hamilton; in their respective States of Virginia and New York, were bending every energy to complete the work the inception of which they had so nobly aided, and were encountering strong and powerful opposition from men who represented much of the wealth and the talent of those States. Reinforced by the example of Massachusetts, they might hope each to conclude the struggle successfully. John Hancock, then the Governor of the commonwealth, was chosen President of the convention, and from the first the Federalists adopted the plan of treating their opponents with great deference and courtesy. It was found that in all the commercial and seashore towns, and especially in Boston, there was a strong feeling in favor of the Constitution. The rural population was less inclined to it. Samuel Adams was supposed to be less favorably disposed than most of the leading citizens of the State; but the strong attitude taken by the mechanics

of Boston, who had always been his supporters, had its influence upon him. The objection most strongly pressed was the want of a distinct bill of rights and privileges. This was finally met with adroitness, but entire fairness. While the ratification must be positive and explicit; while to have annexed any condition would have deprived it of any force, — it was competent, while accepting the Constitution fully, freely, and as it was written, to recommend that certain amendments should be subsequently adopted. Hancock, who had been kept from the chair by the gout, on the 31st of January took his place and proposed this plan. He suggested nine several amendments to be recommended, while the ratification by the State should be unqualified. These were drawn with great clearness and force, and are understood to have been the workmanship of Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief-Justice of Massachusetts. The most important of them is found in what is now the tenth amendment to the Constitution, which declares: "All powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The skilful plan thus proposed was acceded to; and on the 6th of February the motion to ratify the Constitution was passed by a vote of 187 to 168. With this every symptom of unpleasant opposition here vanished. Massachusetts was the sixth State to ratify the Constitution. The bells were rung and cannon

fired in every part of the town, while as night approached, bonfires illuminated the scene. The Long Lane, as it was called, upon which stood the meeting-house where the convention met, had its name changed by common consent to Federal Street, which it bears to-day. "The Boston people," General Knox wrote to Chancellor Livingston, "have lost their senses with joy."

The centennial of this interesting day was celebrated last February in the hall where we are now gathered, by a most appropriate address from the accomplished President of the Society whose hospitality we are now enjoying; and if they made somewhat less noise than their ancestors, yet those who were privileged to participate met, I trust, with no less grateful hearts.

Maryland ratified the Constitution on April 25, 1788, by a majority of six to one, and on May 23, South Carolina did the same by a majority of more than two to one; each State, like Massachusetts, suggesting amendments, but making its ratification unconditional.

Eight States had now given their assent, and but one more was needed to make nine, which would complete the government. From that time, whether other States came in or stayed out, the experiment would be tried, and the position of all the hesitating States would necessarily change. The conventions of New York and Virginia were in session, and debate in each was high and hot, when, exactly a hundred years ago to-day, on the

18th of June, 1787, the convention of New Hampshire met at Concord, by adjournment from Exeter, in that State. Of this convention Mr. Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel Webster, was a member. How New Hampshire should decide was a matter of supreme importance; for if she favored the Union, and its government was inaugurated, New York and Virginia would have to face a formidable problem in confronting such a government. A system of express riders had been arranged between Hamilton and some of the leading Federalists of New England, including Rufus King and General Knox, to which General Sullivan, the President of the New Hampshire convention, was without doubt a party, that Hamilton should have the earliest intelligence at Poughkeepsie, where the convention of New York was in session, while he in turn would despatch it to Madison, at Richmond, by another system of riders. The post travelled then only about fifty miles a day, and for that he could not wait. Every moment was precious. On the 21st day of June, 1788, after a session of only four days, the convention of New Hampshire ratified the Constitution, and the new government was thenceforth a fixed and settled fact. The record states that the vote was taken at one o'clock in the afternoon, and is supposed to have been thus particular in order that if Virginia voted the same day, she should not dispute with New Hampshire the honor of giving life to the Constitution. An express messenger immediately started, sent by

General Sullivan to Governor Hancock; and the glad tidings went forward at once to Hamilton, while Boston again broke into one of its outbursts of joy. The message on the 24th of June reached Hamilton at Poughkeepsie; and as the distance was two hundred and fifty miles, the feat was then thought a marvel of enterprise. Who the stout riders that bore it so rapidly were, there is no one to relate; but the wallet thrown across their shoulders bore the news that a nation had sprung into life fully armed, as it is fabled that the Athenian goddess was born, and that the sword of liberty and justice to all men was in her hand. On the same day the message went forward from Hamilton to Madison at Richmond; but before it could reach him, Virginia had spoken. In her convention had ensued the most remarkable debate that had occurred in any State. Its leaders on opposite sides were Patrick Henry and James Madison. Nor were they unequally matched; for while Madison had none of the impassioned eloquence of Henry, yet, cool, calm, and judicious in a protracted debate, — which, if maintained long enough, will be decided by reason and argument, and not by emotion or passion, — he was a most formidable opponent. On the 25th of June, without the knowledge that the Constitution had already been adopted by the requisite number of States, Virginia ratified it absolutely, although, as in Massachusetts, certain amendments were recommended. The conduct of Henry was

manly and patriotic. When the result was reached, he gave his assent to it as a citizen who would seek only to amend what he deemed the defects of the system in a constitutional way. It is pleasant to remember that in after years he was offered the position of Chief-Justice of the United States by Washington, although his then broken health compelled him to decline it.

The conflict in New York was bitter to the last; but when ten States had ratified, Hamilton had in his hands a weapon whose thrusts could not be parried. As fast as horse and man could carry it, the joyful news from Madison of the vote of Virginia reached him; yet this was not until the 8th of July. On the 26th day of July, by the slender majority of three votes, New York ratified the Constitution, in terms less explicit than could have been wished, yet which may fairly be termed unconditional. For Hamilton it was indeed a day of just and splendid triumph. North Carolina and Rhode Island alone were left, and their ratification soon followed; nor is it easy to see how they could have done otherwise.

Throughout the long struggle, the words of Washington had been heard in every contested State, in letters which show how wise and far-seeing he was, urging upon his countrymen the adoption of the Constitution. The universal belief that he was the one to be first called to administer it, and to try whatever of experiment it involved, had, without doubt, a strong influence on the result.

The Congress of the Confederation met for the last time in July, 1788, to give direction for the organization of the new government and practically to read its own death-warrant. It made New York the temporary seat of the new government, and the first Wednesday of the next March, which was that year the 4th, was designated to commence proceedings under it. It fixed a time for the choice of the electors of President and Vice-President, and it left to the States each for itself the times and places of choosing their senators and representatives. It was not, in fact, until the 6th of April of the next year that the Senate and House formed a quorum, and that the votes were counted by John Langdon, the President of the Senate, in the presence of the two Houses. Each elector had at that time two votes on a single ballot, the President and Vice-President being voted for on the same ticket, and the highest in number being the chosen President. Every one of the electoral ballots was for Washington; and John Adams, having the next highest in number, was declared Vice-President.

Washington arrived in New York on the 23d of April, and the 30th was appointed for his inauguration. The hall of the Senate was upon Wall Street, where he was ceremoniously received by the two Houses on the day fixed. He was then fifty-seven years old, in the manly vigor of his mature life, before age with its frosty touch had laid its hand upon him. As he stepped out on the balcony

which had been reared in front of the hall before the vast crowd that filled the streets, all felt that no more majestic and stately presence had ever been seen among magistrates or the rulers of men. Even this seemed but little when his high character, his grave wisdom, his self-sacrificing patriotism, were remembered. The oath of office was administered to him by Chancellor Livingston, who added, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" while the streets rang with acclamations. He returned to the Senate chamber, and as he closed his inaugural speech, trembling with emotion, he said: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who presides in the councils of nations, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves. . . . The preservation of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the American people."

From the masses of the people in many forms of expression, from public meetings, from the most eminent citizens at home, from friends of the country and of republican institutions abroad, Washington received most cordial good wishes as he entered upon his great task. As the opening success of his administration began to develop itself, he had the pleasure of receiving from Franklin, a

short time before the aged patriot died, a letter of congratulation, in which he said, "For my own personal ease I should have died two years ago; but though those years have been spent in excruciating pain, I am pleased that I have lived, since they have brought me to see our present situation."

On the 4th of March next a hundred years will have passed since the government commenced under this illustrious man came into existence. It began in doubts and anxieties long since dispelled, as its wonderful elasticity and its imperial strength have been recognized. While the highest have not been above its power, the humblest have not been below its fostering care. It has not only borne us with favoring gales over sunny seas; it has weathered the wildest storm that ever raged on sea or land.

There have been twenty-five Presidential elections. We now approach the twenty-sixth, which will be the first in our second century of national life. Of course there are differences of opinion, which are expected to find in it their appropriate expression. Nor would it be desirable that such occasions should pass without discussion and deliberation, as it would argue an indifference to public affairs in which no citizen has a right to indulge. It was intended by the fathers that power should return to the people at short intervals, that they might express their wish as to its exercise. Yet as there can be no administration of public affairs

which, if successful, will not shed its benefits on all, nor any which, if disastrous, will not involve all in a common misfortune, the contest may well be fraternal, and such as becomes those who seek alike the general welfare. The glory and the happiness of the country are dear to all its children. Let our actions and our example, then, always show that, as the people are the rightful authors and depositaries of power, so they are also its safest and wisest guardians.

1889.

I would remind you that at our last meeting we spoke of the trials that attended the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and of the fact that, before our meeting of to-day, the Centennial Anniversary of the Inauguration of Washington as our first President would be commemorated.

The War of the Revolution had been fought through on the great basis of the sovereignty of the people, yet by States which had asserted their independence not only from any foreign government, but each from the other. The Continental Congress and the Congress of the Confederation had done their work through many difficulties and trials. Alternately urging and imploring the respective States, having no executive powers to enforce their decrees, and no executive head through whom they could act, they had still ended the war in triumph by the peace of Versailles in

1783. Inadequate for the time of war, it was obvious that a mere Congress of distinct States could never govern when the danger and pressure of war were withdrawn. All saw that in some way the States must be united in a single government, alike as regarded foreign nations and in those relations with each other upon which their intercourse, commerce, and safety depended. Their citizens must be made one people, as they had asserted themselves to be in that sentence of the Declaration* which prefaces the statement of the causes which induced them as one people to dissolve the political bands which had connected them with another. Yet the jealousies of the different States, the reluctance of the people to yield any portion of their power except to their own immediate State government, the fear, engendered by the long and desperate struggle with the British Crown, of executive authority, which they knew must be partially surrendered if the government they sought to create was to be efficient, were formidable obstacles. The great executive powers which are in the hands of the President of the United States we look at to-day without any apprehension or fear that they can be used to the injury of the people or the diminution of its liberties. We recall how wisely and judiciously, taken as a whole, they have always been exerted; and we have lived when the safety of a nation demanded that they should be exercised to their utmost limit. It is doubtful if a hundred

years ago they would have been confided to any one but for the thought that Washington would be the first to exercise them, and that by him the new government would be tested. The sword they placed in his hands, strongly wielded as it would be against domestic disorder or foreign aggression, they knew would never be used to oppress those who had invested him with power. The vast obligations they were under to him as a warrior they recognized, but his fame had not been that of a soldier only; his wisdom, calmness, and moderation had been tried often, and had never failed. His unselfishness was as conspicuous as his valor. If he had ambition, it was that which was to be satisfied by serving highly a great and noble cause, and not by empty honors or rich emoluments. Among all the men the world has known, history has recorded none so fit as he to be the guardian of the only liberty worth having, — the liberty which is enshrined in and defined and protected by law. Profound as was the wisdom of Hamilton, Madison, and the other statesmen who framed the Constitution, skilfully and bravely as they dealt with the many trials in their path, had it not been that Washington presided over their deliberations, and consented, reluctantly, yet yielding to a high sense of duty, to endeavor to make of that Constitution a living thing by demonstrating its capacity for practical operation, it may be that their work would have come to naught.

It was therefore most fitting that the Centennial Anniversary of the Inauguration of our first President should have been celebrated as it was in our great commercial metropolis, where the event took place; nor does anything appear to have been wanting to the magnificence of the scene. The naval parade in the harbor; the march of sixty thousand soldiers through the streets, — soldiers only because they were citizens; the array of veterans; the splendid exhibitions of trade and commerce; and, above all, the hundreds of thousands of happy, contented people, — united to constitute, not an empty pageant, but the tribute which the occasion demanded; while the utterances of the distinguished orator, of the President and the two ex-Presidents of the United States, were replete with patriotic fervor, and appealed to no sentiments but those which are the common property of all true American hearts. Not less interesting was it that, in response to the proclamation of the President, and in memory of the fact that a hundred years before, prayer had been offered in all the churches of New York for the success of the new government, so many of our churches and religious societies throughout the entire country gathered together in thankfulness for the past, in hope for the future, in earnest prayer that as God had been to our fathers so might he be to us. It was a day, whatever our creed or party, whatever our fortune or station, when all desired to meet, united only by the tie of

American citizenship. It is not my purpose to call attention to the difference between that day of prayerful anxiety when the first President was inaugurated, and the splendid ceremonial which celebrated its Centennial Anniversary, or to attempt to point out in detail the vast growth of the United States within the past century, its widely extended boundaries, or the great increase in wealth, not merely in the hands of a few, but in its wider diffusion through all ranks. It may be said that with a fertile continent at our disposal, even had we remained colonies, it would not have been far otherwise. If to some extent this must be recognized as true, it is also true that much is due to the Constitution under which we have lived. The lesson of America to the world is the capacity of the people for self-government; and she has herself reaped the advantage of the lesson she has taught. Nor do I doubt that if those who framed this wondrous scheme were permitted to look upon their work, they would feel that, in spite of all deductions, it has been carried forward in the spirit in which they commenced it. It is said that one of Napoleon's marshals, who always retained ardently his republican faith, as he stood most unwillingly at the coronation of the emperor, was asked, "Is there anything wanting to the splendor of this scene?" He answered gloomily. "Nothing but the presence of the half-million men who have died on the battle-field that it should be impossible." But it seems to me, that if, upon such

a scene as that which commemorated the Inauguration of Washington, those who have served us wisely and bravely through the past one hundred years, and are gone before us, had been permitted to look, — the wise men who have made for us just and equal laws; the saintly men who, not by persuasion only, but by the higher example of their noble lives, have pointed us up the highest paths of charity and religion; the brave from our hundred battle-fields, from the snows of Valley Forge or from Saratoga and Yorktown, and those who came from Gettysburg and Appomattox, — that invisible host with one voice would have said, "Whatever we gave, in the way of thought or teaching, example or even life, we gave willingly, that the American people might be thus free, great, and happy." On such an occasion, as we look forward as well as back, our glance is no doubt colored with fear or with hope, to some extent, by our own peculiarity of temperament. Each age has its trials; the coming one will not be free from them. In all that we can recall of the past, in all that we see around us in the present, I can see no ground for that distrust of the future in which gentlemen sometimes indulge. The past has always about it a glamour that attracts the fancy, a haze that obscures its harsher and more distasteful features. There were never better or more hopeful times than those in which we live; nor do I allude now to material wealth, but to those higher qualities which ennoble and dignify life. A republic must depend,

finally, upon the character of the mass of its people, and upon their fitness to bear the burdens of that citizenship which is cast upon them. Wise and great as Washington was, he would have had no success in his trying task if the intellect and heart of America had not responded cordially to his. It is the character which the great body of our people have exhibited, the responsibilities they have felt, the patriotism they have displayed, that have brought the nation to the proud position in which it stands to-day. If the statelier manners of a former generation are gone, I am far from thinking that ours have degenerated into either rudeness or vulgarity. In all the various grades of the social scale, in all the walks of life, no people ever showed more regard and consideration each for the other than do the American people now. And as none was ever more regardful of others, so none was itself ever more dignified and calmly self-respectful.

If wealth has been showered upon us in large measure, never was wealth more generously used in the sacred causes of education, charity, and religion. Our temples of religious worship, our universities and schools, our hospitals, attest the lavish hands with which it is poured out through the wide channels of public and private munificence. How instant was the response when the news of the sad disaster in Pennsylvania was spread abroad! The losses of the great capitalists and manufacturers could not be repaired ex-

cept in time, through their own enterprise and industry; but every village recognized that a suffering people was its kindred, and was ready with its contribution, that they should instantly have food, clothing, and shelter.

Nor, as in retrospect we recall the terrible struggle through which, more than twenty-five years ago, we were called upon to pass, shall we feel that patriotism has been or will be wanting. The men who then seized their muskets grow old and gray, and move somewhat heavily now; but their successors come with the swinging stride of youth, with equal courage, and if the sacrifice shall be demanded of them, we cannot doubt, with equal self-devotion. The bronze of the old heroic ages can be recast again and again, and lose neither its strength nor its fibre. As our great Civil War drew on, there were not wanting those who said, "It is useless to try to preserve a Union between States so discordant;" or who, deeply sensible of the evils of slavery, still said, "Let the wayward sisters go in peace!" Not such was the answer of the patriotic heart of the country. As the startling news was spread abroad that our flag had been fired upon, our sovereignty denied, came back the stern response: "The United States is a nation competent everywhere to assert its rightful authority." How grand was that uprising, how magnificent were the results achieved, I do not need to remind you. The brave dead lie on many a field made sacred by their valor; but

heavy as was the price, who shall say that what they accomplished was not worth it? Who shall say that if they might be restored to us again, but with them must be restored the discordant Union with its system of slavery, we could wish them back? Nay, who believes that they would themselves accept life again at such a price? The fathers of the Constitution knew the flaw in their work, but it was a difficulty that they could not extricate from the problem before them; they trusted it would pass away before the advancing light of freedom and knowledge. It was not thus to be. It was to vanish only in the storm and the tempest; but now that it is gone, earth and sky are sweeter and fairer than before.

It is the immediate object of our Society to honor the patriots of the Revolution, but it is especially their example which we strive to inculcate. With the men of our war that memory was present always as an inspiration and a guide, — a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night; and by the law of natural association, the fame of the patriots of the Revolution gathers to itself always that of those who faithfully, wisely, or bravely serve their country. Standing on the verge of the second century of our national life, the future waves towards us its beckoning hand. The call must be answered, and the nation goes forward to meet it. Let it advance, not in the sordid spirit of those who seek only material gain, but in the firm belief that an exalted love of country, and

an earnest wish for the elevation of its people, will guide it safely through all the rocks and over all the shoals that may beset its onward way.

Before I leave this theme, it may not be improper to remind you that within the past year has died almost the only great English statesman who steadfastly and unflinchingly upheld our cause during the late Civil War. It is said that "the troubles of one nation are the opportunities of another," as then the latter may urge her claims and pursue her demands to advantage. No such worldly maxim of statecraft ever entered his loyal heart. With an eloquence that had made for him one of the highest places among orators who speak in the English tongue, his voice was heard on our behalf alike on the platform and in the House of Commons. Fronting the great commercial and industrial interests which would willingly have seen so formidable a rival as the United States crushed, and with whom his own fortunes were identified, he always insisted that the cause of the Union was the cause of law and order as against disorder and anarchy, of right and justice as against wrong and injustice, of liberty against slavery. The American who visits the great manufacturing city which was the home of this great and good man, may well pause for a moment in grateful memory at the humble Friends' burial-ground, where John Bright, to use his simple phrase, rests "among his own people."

It is an interesting fact also, not unworthy

of passing notice, that the same week that witnessed on this continent the close of the American Revolution by the inauguration of Washington on April 30, saw upon the other side of the ocean the commencement of that great movement in political affairs, the French Revolution, by the assembling of the States-General on the 5th of May, 1789. The principles then avowed are not to be confounded with those which controlled four years later. The right of the governed to participate in the government so far as to determine for what and the amount for which they shall be taxed, the right of all to be taxed alike and to stand equal before the law, the concurrence of the nation and the ruler in making the laws, the responsibility of those who execute them, are principles not contested by any constitutional monarchy in Europe. When we recollect that at that time the subjects of some of the European princes were sold as sheep to fight in wars in which they had no interest, that a formidable part of the British Army during the last years of the War of the Revolution consisted of those who would themselves most willingly have been harmless German peasants, and whom we knew under the general name of Hessians, it must be conceded that something like a revolution was sorely needed in Europe. The excesses, deplorable as they were, into which at a later period the French Revolution fell, when confronted with the armies of all the monarchical powers of Europe, in its as-

sertion of the right of the French people to govern themselves, must not blind us to the fact that it marked a great step in the progress of self-government. This great event France is now celebrating by her magnificent Exposition, for which in aid of our interests the Congress of the United States has made a most liberal appropriation. She has wisely made it the occasion for a celebration of peace, with no disposition to awaken the memory of the wars which desolated Europe. It was perhaps not to be expected that the representatives of the monarchical governments, even of those which have themselves conceded all that was demanded by the States-General of 1789, would be represented at its opening ceremonial; but I have observed that two hundred and sixty-three members of Parliament, with the illustrious Mr. Gladstone at their head, have protested against the absence of the British minister on that occasion. The republics of the world were there, our own at the head: and I cannot but consider it a fortunate circumstance that the banquet given by them to the President and the French Government was presided over by Mr. McLane, the retiring American minister, and attended by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the incoming minister (whose credentials had not then been formally presented), for I feel that the good people of both our great parties unite in the wish that France, our earliest friend and our always faithful ally, may enjoy all the advantages of a permanent, well-settled, orderly,

free government. For the third time in her history of the century she is a republic. That her difficulties are many, is readily seen. Compelled to maintain a great army, subjected to the jealousy of the governments about her, beset by the supporters of the regal and imperial families, there is no easy task before those who strive to guide her destinies; but I warmly wish that she may rise above them all.

Never, since the Napoleonic wars, was there a time when Europe was so oppressed with vast armies and armaments, as to-day. It is our fortune to try the problem of republican government under happier conditions, and such as have never before existed. No armies oppress our people with their vast expenditure, no factions threaten our form of government; there is useful and honorable employment for all. It is for us as faithful citizens to show that we are worthy of the political blessings that have so generously been bestowed upon us.

ORATION ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15, 1890.

Companions of the Army and the Navy, — I congratulate you that we are assembled in such full numbers to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the formation of this Order. Survivors of many a hard-fought battle and many a desperate day, you come alike from the long marches and fierce conflicts which gave us possession of the South and West; from the banks of the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Mississippi; from the narrower, yet not less terrible field where the Army of the Potomac fought out finally to the bitter end its bloody and protracted duel with the Army of Northern Virginia; and from every scene by land or sea made red by heroic strife. The mountain ranges, the deep bayous, the rich and broad plains, the mighty rivers of the fairest portion of a continent, attest your constancy and valor. Time as well as war has been generous to you in this, — that for a quarter of a century it has permitted you to enjoy the just regard of a nation and the full fruition

of your deeds. For this bounteous gift let us render the homage of grateful hearts.

We are fortunate in the place where we assemble. The city of Philadelphia was the capital of our Revolutionary era. Here were proclaimed the birth and independence of the United States. Here, too, was framed that Constitution which is the crowning glory of the Revolution. The peace with Great Britain, in 1783, had left us without a settled government, and the discords of jealous States had already appeared. The years that immediately followed were filled with profound distrust and anxious forebodings. The convention that met here in 1787 made of these States a people and a nation. Where should those who offered their lives to defend that Constitution meet more happily or more proudly than in the city in which it received its birth?

Nor ought we to forget that in the hour of the Rebellion this city lost none of its ancient reputation for patriotism. Its gallant sons were among our earliest and bravest soldiers; its generous contributions, its sanitary commissions, its Christian commissioners, its cordial supplies of provisions to the soldiers going to or returning from the front, its unfailing care of the sick and wounded, are embalmed in sacred remembrance. We whose residence is to the north and east had from our position the largest share of this lavish hospitality. One who has been through here, as I have been, with a hungry regiment, and seen every man

bountifully fed, or has come, as I have come, a wounded soldier, and known the kind care of its citizens and the skill of its justly renowned surgeons, may certainly speak with something like personal feeling.

The Military Order of the Loyal Legion had its inception on that saddest day, at the conclusion of the Civil War, when humanity throughout the world was shocked by the death of Abraham Lincoln. In honor of that illustrious memory, and of the great cause for which we had fought; in recognition of the affectionate friendships which had been inspired among the officers of the army then about to disband; in historic recollection of the Society of the Cincinnati, which had embraced the officers of the Revolutionary Army, — it was determined to form this Order; and at a meeting of a few officers in this city the initial steps were that day taken for its organization. It was the first of the military societies which followed, or rather accompanied, the close of the war. I do not intend to pursue the details of its history, except to say that when, some time later, the society of the Grand Army of the Republic was formed, intended to comprehend all of whatever rank who had honorably served, no antagonism was created to this, nor was any reason seen why, in its more limited sphere, this might not also be properly maintained. To the Grand Army of the Republic we have always fully and cordially accorded as its rightful place the position of the

great representative society which includes and gathers into itself every association of that whole American army which subdued the Rebellion. That society has extended wide its generous and open-handed charity; it has cherished the noblest patriotism; and if there are those of this association who are not also members of that, I urge them respectfully to join its ranks, and to give to it their cordial support in its purest and highest aims.

Of the officers who listen to me, many, almost a majority, have carried the musket and the knapsack in the ranks, and are justly proud that they have won their way by their own ability and determination. To some the possession of high military qualities may have given command, yet in all armies rank and promotion are often the result of circumstance and opportunity, and thus accident contributes to success. It was especially so in our own, springing as it did from the ground at once in answer to the call of an imperilled country. Long and faithful service brought to many a man only the proud consolation of duty nobly done, of sacrifice generously offered, and of that self-respect which one may well maintain even in the humblest home. As I would speak to-night of all our armies as but one, so would I speak of those who composed it as but a single body of men. Side by side, on many a field won by their valor, no useless coffins around their breasts, but wrapped in the blanket which is the soldier's martial shroud, officers and men await together the coming of the

eternal day. Side by side those more fortunate who have returned, have returned with equal claims to the regard and love of those for whom they fought. When one has done his whole duty, so far as his title to respect is concerned, it can and ought to make no difference whether he did it with the stars of the general or the eagles of the colonel on his shoulder, or in the simple jacket of the private. The fame of every general, even in the highest rank, must depend largely on the men whom he leads. However far-reaching and sagacious his plans may be, it is still by strong hands and stout hearts that they must be carried out and results achieved.

When we consider how little adapted the education of the American citizen is to that system of discipline which is intended to make of the soldier a machine, in order that the physical strength and power of thousands may be wielded by the will of one alone; when we remember how prone we all of us are to criticise the acts of others or their orders and directions, — we realize how difficult it must have been to yield that unquestioning obedience which is the necessary rule of the military service. Yet how generously our men gave their confidence, how nobly they strove, sometimes in disaster, often under the most trying circumstances, to execute the orders they received! To one who held any command the wish must often have come that he could have led them better and done fuller justice to their merits.

Companions, we meet not merely for a few hours of social enjoyment, nor alone to renew our friendships formed, although many of them were formed when the death-shots were falling thick and fast; we meet also to reassert our devotion to the great cause of the Constitution and the Union; we meet to honor the memories of those who bravely died in that righteous cause, or who have passed from our side in the years that have followed, and to dedicate ourselves anew to our country and to the great principles of liberty and justice.

In the long annals of wars with which the earth has been filled, it would be difficult to find any less justifiable than the War of the Rebellion. The flimsy dogma of the right of a State to secede from the Union at its own will and pleasure, and assert its sovereignty against that of the government of which it formed a component part, was a pretence only by which the leaders of the slave States sought to disguise their project of erecting an empire whose corner-stone was to be (to use Mr. Vice-President Stephens's own words) the system of slavery.

Had any one in Philadelphia in 1787 uttered the gloomy foreboding that every State might withdraw from the Union at its own pleasure, and that the Constitution had thus provided for its own dissolution, his fears would have been scouted and laughed to scorn. He would have been told that this Union is not one of States, but of the people of all the States, — so it is expressly declared; as

such alone can it be accepted. It was a necessity of the task that the framers of the Constitution had before them, that the government they had met to form should include two classes of States. Nor did the difficulty appear to them so formidable as it afterwards proved. Fresh from their own struggle for liberty, they could not but be conscious that slavery was utterly inconsistent with the principles upon which a free government must rest; they fully believed that it would die out and drift silently away. It was not thus to pass away, but in the wildest of storms and tempests that ever raged on sea or land; but now that it is gone, earth and sky are fairer than before.

Without dwelling on the various phases of the protracted controversy to which this system gave rise under the influence of men who were willing to sacrifice the Union to its perpetuity, the failure to make of Kansas a slave State, and the election of Mr. Lincoln, had settled that there was to be no more slave territory added to the Union. Madly resolved to rule or ruin, those who controlled the public opinion of the South determined to dissolve the Union. No real grievance existed, but imaginary ones could be trumped up. No right of the Southern States was invaded, or even threatened. The President-elect had solemnly pledged himself to protect them in every right; nor could he, if he would, have done otherwise, as, while they remained, his administration would have had an

adverse majority in both Houses of Congress, which they could substantially control. But his election was made at once the occasion of secession by the cotton States, which stood, however, alone during the anxious winter of 1860–61. The Union feeling was still strong in the States that lay north of them, and they were as yet reluctant to take the decisive step. Something must be done to involve them, — something to "fire the Southern heart," as the phrase of the day was, and to induce them to make common cause; and so the tempest of shot and shell was let loose upon Fort Sumter. The experiment had the success which was anticipated, and a success which was not anticipated; for if the Southern heart was fired, so was the Northern also. How majestic was that uprising, how former political differences were forgotten, how strongly all felt that the great tie of American citizenship was above all party, I do not need to remind you. There were not wanting those who, aghast at the gulf of fire that seemed opening before us, said, "Let the wayward sisters go in peace;" there were not wanting others who, deeply sensible of the evils of slavery, were ready to grasp at the opportunity of separating from the States which tolerated it. The loyal head of the country was wiser, the loyal heart of the country truer than this. As the startling news flew from city to city and village to village, east and west, that our flag had been insulted and trampled upon, and the integrity of our government

assailed, the stern tones of the answer of the people always came back, "The United States is a nation competent to assert its own sovereignty, and to subdue and punish traitors." To them the Union was not a rope of sand to be blown about by every breeze, or washed away by a summer sea, but a chain whose golden links were strong as adamant. Forged in the fire of that great strife which had finally separated us from the most powerful nation on the earth, it was clear that if the Union were once destroyed, all hope of erecting any stable government upon its ruins must for the time be abandoned. The conflicts of discordant States were before us, grinding against each other their bloody edges in fierce contentions, which, like the wars of the Saxon Heptarchy, would be worth no more to the advancement of the world than the wars of the kites and crows. Nor if two distinct confederacies could have been framed, was permanent peace between them possible. Two great systems of civilization were front to front and face to face. The conflict in arms, to which we had been summoned by the cannon which bombarded Fort Sumter, was indeed irrepressible. It was a necessity of empire that one or the other should conquer. Rich and broad as the continent is, with its great gateways on the Atlantic and the Pacific seas, it was not broad enough for both.

It was a great elemental struggle, where the differences had their origin in the foundations of

society itself. There are times in the history of nations when the conduct of its wars may be left to its regular forces; yet no such time had come to us. It was a war of the people, waged unhappily against a portion of the same people, yet not the less in obedience to the plainest principles of justice and right. Nor let it ever be forgotten that although the leaders of the Rebellion were successful in drawing into it most of the States of the South, there were true men everywhere who never yielded and never faltered in their allegiance. If I could properly give a warmer welcome to any above others, it should be to the gallant soldiers of Kentucky and Tennessee, of Maryland, West Virginia, Missouri, and other States of the South, who came to rejoice our hearts and strengthen our hands.

It was in the feeling of the most exalted patriotism that the national army was formed, and the men who composed it embraced all that was purest and bravest in the young life of a nation. Counting all the cost, recognizing all the danger, the path of duty before them was plain, and they followed it. No doubt the blood of youth was high in their veins, and they looked forward not unwillingly to the stern joy of the conflict; but love of country was still the great moving principle which actuated them. It is not a penalty, it is a just responsibility, that a government founded by a people should look to them for its legitimate defence. Certainly, I

would speak, neither to-night nor at any other time, any words of harshness or unkindness individually of those with whom we were lately at war. There is no body of men more anxious to be at peace with all their countrymen than are the soldiers of the national army; there are no utterances more cordial in favor of a generous oblivion and forgetfulness than are theirs; but they cannot, and they ought not to forget that the cause for which those who opposed them stood was gravely wrong. It is the cause for which our brave have died that forever sets them apart among the myriads who people the silent cities of the dead. Let us be generous to those with whom we had to contend, but let us be just to our own cause. We willingly do honor to their courage and valor; but those high qualities have sometimes gilded with a false light causes which cannot command the approval of the world, or bear the clear, white light of time. We know the allowances which must be made for erroneous beliefs, for mistaken education, for old associations, for the example of others, even for temporary feeling and passion. Let us make them freely. Yet, when all are made, neither the living nor the dead of a great and holy cause can be confounded with those who fell in the wretched struggle to destroy a nation or erect a system of government false to the great principles of liberty. Their cause, as well as ours, is rapidly passing into history. Before

that great tribunal we are ready to hold up our hands and plead and answer. Nor shall we fear that its verdict can be otherwise than that ours was the cause of order against disorder, of just and righteous government against rebellion, of liberty against slavery. If it be less than this, then was Mr. Jefferson Davis the patriot he has been somewhere lately eulogized, and we, and the brave who offered their lives with us, but successful traitors.

It is not for us here to review, even in the most cursory way, the events of that tremendous struggle. Such would be the office of the historian, not of the casual speaker. The problem before us we underrated in the beginning, nor since have we taken the credit which is fairly due for overcoming its difficulties. To conduct a war over such an extended territory with success, to seize and hold its strategic points in the midst of a hostile and warlike population, to maintain the lengthened lines of communication for armies operating far from their base, constituted an enterprise unparalleled in its demand for men and resources. That the contest must broaden into one for the liberty of all men, and that the plague spot which had troubled the peace of the Union must be cut out by the surgeon's knife, was obvious from the first. The year 1862 stands forever memorable as including one of those events whose occurrence marks the opening of a new era, and shows that the great bell of time has struck another hour. "I had

made a solemn vow," says Mr. Lincoln himself, "that if General Lee was driven from Maryland I would crown the result by a declaration of freedom to the slaves." That vow was faithfully kept, for on the Monday which followed the information that the battle of Antietam was won, such a declaration was issued, and it was followed on January 1 by the more formal proclamation which declared all persons to be free within the insurgent States, stating the act to be demanded by military necessity, and invoking upon it "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Such an act was, from its very nature, irrevocable. On that day the shifting sands of concession and compromise passed from under the feet of the American people, and they planted themselves firmly on the great rocks of liberty and justice to all men, to be moved therefrom, we will believe, no more forever.

The succeeding year witnessed the splendid victory of Gettysburg, which, accompanying the fall of Vicksburg, marks definitely the culminating point of the conflict by the joint triumph of the Eastern and Western armies, aided by our gallant navy. Although the waves were to come again and yet again, no wave was to come higher than that which was dashed back in clouds of broken, dissolving spray as it struck the iron wall of the infantry of the Army of the Potomac. The causes of the movement of the Confederate Army into Pennsylvania were never fully stated by General

Lee. He intimates distinctly in his report that others existed than those of a purely military character. Without doubt, among them was the hope to break something of the force of the impending fall of Vicksburg, which, grasped in the iron embrace of Grant and the Army of the Tennessee, must soon surrender. A victory won on Northern soil would do this. It is the good fortune of the patriotic State in which we stand that it contains within its borders not only this memorable field, but that its fame is allied to the victory by the memory of three of its most illustrious commanders. The calm and judicious Meade, whose wisdom brought about the encounter in which the enemy was obliged to attack, and in which the Army of the Potomac was able for once to stand on the defensive; the splendid Hancock, the idol of the Potomac Army, whose fiery words and majestic presence infused into all around him something of the courage of his own daring heart, — are gone today. They lived long enough to be assured of the honor and love in which they were held by their countrymen; but on the field and at the head of the First Corps died Reynolds, then, as always, unassuming, modest, brave, contributing nobly to that victory whose fruits he was never to enjoy. Yet where could man die better than in the defence of his native State, his life-blood mingling with the soil on which he first drew breath? The 4th of July, 1863, was the proudest day which up to that time the Union arms had ever known, for

the cannon which ushered in a nation's natal day were mingled with those which told through the North the victory of Gettysburg, and were echoed and re-echoed from the West and South along with those which in thunder tones announced that Vicksburg had fallen, and that the Mississippi ran "unvexed to the sea."

The terrible year of 1864 was yet to come. The control of all the armies was to pass into the hands of General Grant alone, and to be directed by his single will. The region west of the Alleghanies was secure under the direction of Sherman; and as he made his great march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea, the conflicts of the Army of the Potomac with its formidable opponent were renewed again and again on the desperate fields of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor. In the spring of 1865 that great army moved to its last series of battles, and the surrender of Appomattox followed. The sword of Lee was laid in the conquering hand of Grant, and the War of the Rebellion was over. Henceforward no shot was fired in anger, and the surrender of the other armies of the Confederacy followed. No executions, no harsh punishments were to mark its close; yet under God the Union had received a new birth of freedom, and, purified by the fires through which it had passed, had risen grander and more august among the nations.

Silently as snowflakes melt into the sea, the men who composed our armies passed into the

general life of that community which they had saved, yet not as drones or idlers, but to carry with them into the occupations of peace the lessons of courage, fidelity, and patriotism which they had learned on the grim fields of war. Their bugles will wake no more the morning echoes as they salute with their reveille the coming day; the descending night will hear no more the rolling tattoo of their drums; their cannon long since have uttered their last note of defiance or of victory; yet impartial history shall record that no army was ever assembled with higher aims and loftier purposes, none more ardent with the sacred flame of patriotism, none more calm and resolute in disaster, and none more generous and forgiving in victory. So long as the flag that it bore at the head of its marching columns shall wave above a free and united people, it shall be remembered with gratitude that in its day and generation it did for this country deeds worthy of immortal honor, and that the army that preserved is worthy to stand side by side with the army that achieved the liberty of the Republic.

The material evidences of the conflict pass rapidly away. The earthworks with which the land was covered sink to the level of the surrounding soil, and scarp and counterscarp meet in the ditch that once divided them. So let the evil feelings which the strife engendered fade away. The war is marked definitely only by the great amendments to the Constitution of the United States. That

these embody more than the fair results of the contest; that they are intended to do more than to state in a definite and permanent form the principles of justice, freedom, equality before the law for all men, — cannot be seriously maintained; that they should be fully and generously obeyed, cannot be seriously contested. The victory gained was for the South as well as the North. Already in agriculture, formerly almost her only source of revenue, her production has vastly increased; while the opening of mines, the development of manufactures, the rise of great towns and cities where formerly existed but scattered hamlets, attest the inspiration she has caught from freedom. Year by year, as time rolls on, she is destined to feel the influences of that steady force which is impelling the country forward, nor will she lag behind in the march of peace and prosperity.

Companions, while we have a right to rejoice in all that brave hearts and strong arms have won, no occasion that draws together those who survive of the armies of the Union can be one of unmixed joy. With proud memories come also those that are grave and sad. Nor if I recall those who are gone before us, would I do so to diminish by one jot or tittle the pleasure of our present gathering, but rather to ennoble and dignify it. I would remember them as each one of us would wish to be recalled in the hour of decent mirth and of social enjoyment, when hand clasps hand in friendship

and mutual esteem. There are no words which can render a just tribute to those whose deeds are their true eulogy; there is no honor too high for those who gave their lives willingly rather than that a single star should be obscured on the mighty shield on which are emblazoned the arms of the Union.

Nor do you need to be reminded how many have passed away since the war, and how steadily the fierce artillery of time is doing its work. Close up the ranks as best we can, we are an army to which there come no recruits. Generous as is this gathering at our Twenty-fifth Anniversary, how few can expect to join in the Fiftieth! Without doubt there will be some who will with more feeble voices seek to raise the ringing cheer with which we once answered the Rebel yell, even if soon they too must yield to the common lot of man. The chiefs of this organization, the predecessors of its present Commander (who I trust may long be spared), — General Cadwalader, that model of a gentleman and soldier, the splendid Hancock, the fiery and impetuous Sheridan, — all are gone. Yet let me not mention names, — lest by mentioning some I might seem to omit others equally worthy, — save the great name of Grant alone. He was the Commander of all the armies, to his trumpet-call each one of us has answered, and to him it was given to end our great strife with a victory which enabled him to exclaim, "Let us have peace."

How many are missing to-day at the roll-call

you know but too well. Even if our voices may falter and our utterances choke as the name of some honored chieftain who has led us rises to our lips, or of some dear friend, it may be, who has shared our mess and our blanket, we recall them in honor, and not in sorrow. So would we remember all, — not alone the great chiefs who urged forward the onset of mighty battalions, but the humble, faithful soldier who did his duty manfully. Wherever those gallant spirits have passed to their long repose, — whether they sleep in the bayous of the Mississippi, or by the waters of the Potomac, the Cumberland, or the Tennessee, in the tangled wildwood, or in the shadow of their own homes with the monumental marble high above their breasts, — all in memory are welcome here. "The whole earth," says Pericles, "is the sepulchre of illustrious men;" and our mountains seem to lift their heads more loftily for the brave who lie upon their crests, and our rivers to move to the sea with a prouder sweep for those whose life-blood has mingled with their streams: —

> "They fell devoted but undying;
> The very gale their names seems sighing;
> The waters murmur of their name
> The woods are peopled with their fame;
> The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
> Roll mingling with their fame forever."

Nor, Companions, in this hour do we fail to remember him, not a soldier indeed, but to whose military capacity, developed by years of anxious study, tardy justice is just beginning to be done.

who was, by the Constitution, the Commander of the army and navy, the then President of the United States, — him upon whom the faith of all citizens and soldiers, old and young, rich and poor, alike, had rested secure during those terrible years, and whose own heart was large enough to embrace in love and charity all that people over whom Providence had placed him, to be their ruler and guide in the supreme hour of their destiny. Twenty-five years ago to-day he passed from the ranks of living men, yet each year has added to that pure and splendid fame. Every record, every newly discovered act or letter which loving industry brings to light, but serves to reveal how kind and good, how wise and great he was.

On the day after its capture, when he visited Richmond, it was my own good fortune to ride side by side with him in the headquarters' army-wagon which conveyed him through the streets of that city so long the citadel of the Confederacy. He seemed weary and tired, graver than I had ever seen him, less rejoicing in the triumph that had been won than anxious about the new problems looming up before him. It may be that I interpret the recollections of that hour in the baleful light of the dreadful tragedy that so soon followed; yet, as I recall it, he seemed to me like one who felt that his life's work was done, and who would willingly rest from his labors, that his works might follow him. The ways of Providence are not always ours; it may be that it was decreed that this great life should end in the very

hour of victory by the assassin's hand, because it was seen by a wider vision than we possess that to that life of self-sacrifice and patriotic devotion the noblest close was that which has invested him forever with the martyr's crown. It is not always to those who achieve success that its temporal enjoyment is granted; the reward of high heroic souls is in their own sense of duty performed, of trial and sacrifice resolutely endured, in the consciousness that others will reap all for which they have bravely striven.

In the older Scriptures the stately figure of the great Hebrew law-giver and warrior stands on the lonely hill in the land of Moab to gaze out over the Promised Land, which it is decreed he shall never enter. Fair before him stretch the fertile fields, yet no crops from them shall ever fill his garners. The sparkling waters dance in the sunlight, yet no draught from them shall ever refresh his weary lips. He has crossed at the head of the children of Israel the stormy waters of the Red Sea; he has led them through the forty years of wandering in the wilderness. For them the hour of enjoyment has come. His work is done; for him it remains but to rest in his lonely grave. So to this our Moses, who had led us through the Red Sea of Rebellion, is vouchsafed but a glimpse of the Promised Land, as he passes from mortal sight forever.

"Beautiful upon the mountains," says the prophet Isaiah, "are the feet of him that bring-

eth good tidings." Yet as the messengers approach we see that their countenances are grave, that their garments are worn, that their feet are torn by the flinty way; but beautiful are they still for the glad tidings which they bear. And as in imagination there rises again before us the tall figure of Abraham Lincoln, not graceful according to the rules of classic art, yet not without its own simple majesty; as we behold again that rugged countenance, deep graven with the lines of princely care, — we see it illumined with a nobler light than the cunning hand of the Greek could give to the massive brow of the Olympian Jupiter; beautiful in the radiance of truth and justice, while the scroll that he holds in his strong right hand bears the glad tidings of liberty to all men.

Companions, my brief task is ended. In the conflict and in the years which have followed the war, half of what were once our numbers, it is probable, have passed the barrier which separates the seen from the unseen world. They are the advance of that army of which we are the rear-guard. Somewhere they have halted for us, somewhere they are waiting for us. Steadily we are closing up to them. Let us sling on our knapsacks as of old; let us cheerily go forward in the full faith that by fidelity to duty, by loyalty to liberty, by devotion to the country which is the mother of us all, we are one army still.

THE END.

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